

THE

MAGAZINE

Elks



DECEMBER 1942

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JOHN HYDE
PHILLIPS



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It's a gift that increases in value with

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This Year Give **WAR BONDS and STAMPS**



OFFICE OF THE GRAND EXALTED RULER

*Hello Americans!
Let's Chat a While—*

ALLEGIANCE TO OUR PRESIDENT: The Resolution of Allegiance to the President adopted by the National Convention at Omaha was presented to President Franklin D. Roosevelt on October 1st, 1942, by Congressman John F. McCormack of Boston. On that occasion the President said, "Does Mark know that I am an Elk?" Yes, Mr. President, we all know that you have long been a member of our Order and we are indeed proud of it.

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT: The Puritan fathers were wont to frown upon the celebration of Christmas. They were resolute Non-Conformists and so refused to countenance anything so reminiscent of the old rite. The established Church of England, however, still retained this great feast and consequently the Cavaliers of Virginia continued to observe it with carols and holly, while the Catholics of the early Maryland colony also marked this season with much ceremony and yuletide joy.

In our day nearly all Americans anticipate this season with cheerful expectation. Every Elks lodge during long months has made preparation so that on Christmas Eve there should be no one in their community so obscure as to be forgotten in the distribution of Christmas baskets. This giving is sanctified in the thought that "What ye do for the least of these, my brethren, so do you also unto me". The moving spirit of the Order of Elks is its love of the needy and its love of country.

"G" BOXES: In making up our Christmas baskets let us not forget the "G" Boxes for the boys in the armed service. To these lads the "G" box will be a bit of home and an assurance that their sacrifices for our liberties are not forgotten by us in this season of giving. Who is giving more than they, or more lovingly? "No man hath more love than he who giveth his life for another" and such is the gift they are prepared to make for their countrymen. Their life careers have been dislocated. They have been separated from home and mother, or wife and child—all, that the American way of life may be preserved. Wherever they may roam they are Elks and must never be forgotten.

INTERLODGE BOWLING: Interlodge activities and visitations broaden and intensify the fraternal spirit of our members and also strengthen the lodges themselves. The individual member must be kept conscious that he belongs to a national body as well as to a local lodge; that as he is an Elk, he is an American. A good Elk will be loyally devoted to both his lodge and to the Order. Interlodge sports contests have widened fraternal relationships among our members. Competitive bowling tournaments have been very commonly adopted by many lodges of Elks. But the tournament

that has long identified itself as "The Elks National Bowling League" annually brings together in national tournaments many of the very best bowlers among the members of our Order. This association of Elk bowlers has attained such permanence of organization and self-discipline that it seems to merit some recognition by the Grand Lodge. For the present, therefore, the Grand Exalted Ruler will designate as his contact man between himself and the Elks National Bowling League, some Elk who possesses a broad, sympathetic understanding of this sport and of the operations of the Elks National Bowling League. Formal recognition of this Bowling League by the Grand Lodge will depend upon future developments.

ELKS WAR COMMISSION: At the moment of writing this comment, donations to the \$500,000 voluntary contribution to the Elks War Commission have been pouring in with gratifying rapidity and volume. Is your lodge on the unpublished "black list" of non-contributors? Shall you fail to find its name when the official list of contributors is published? It is a prime duty of an Exalted Ruler to see that his lodge is on this list.

ELKS AVIATION CLASSES: Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox, himself a member of Manchester, N. H., Lodge, No. 146, has written Past Grand Exalted Ruler Nicholson, Chairman of the Elks War Commission asking that the Elks lodges do for the Navy Department the same service they performed so well for the Army. Through the refresher courses set up by our lodges, over 3000 candidates were awarded their wings in the Army aviation division. In response to Secretary Knox's request the Elks War Commission is now setting up refresher courses in various lodges throughout the country. Our past experiences in this branch of procurement work have shown us how we can make these courses more efficient.

KEEP 'EM FLYING! AND THE "G" BOXES ROLLING!

Sincerely and fraternally,

E. Mark Sullivan

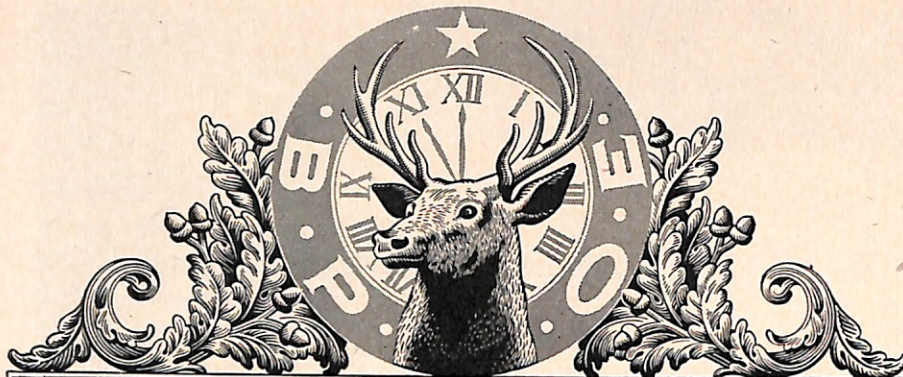
GRAND EXALTED RULER

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THE ELKS MAGAZINE

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

"TO INCULCATE THE PRINCIPLES OF CHARITY, JUSTICE, BROTHERLY LOVE AND FIDELITY; TO PROMOTE THE WELFARE AND ENHANCE THE HAPPINESS OF ITS MEMBERS; TO QUICKEN THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN PATRIOTISM; TO CULTIVATE GOOD FELLOWSHIP. . ."
—FROM PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION, BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS

THE ELKS NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

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IN THIS ISSUE We Present—

FOR thirteen years James R. Young covered the changing Oriental scene as Far East Director of the International News Service. For sixty-one days he was in solitary confinement in a Japanese cell because Tokyo's Nazi government claimed that he had "libeled" them in dispatches to American newspapers and radio stations while on a 9,000-mile trip to the interior of embattled China. He escaped alive, but a fellow British correspondent died in a sensational Japanese prison case.

"Jimmy" Young is home now. He is also at home in discussing the Japanese character, what makes them tick. In "Japanese Zombies" Mr. Young authoritatively discusses the strange attitude of the Jap in reference to his own officers and men who have been taken prisoners by the United Nations. It is an article that will do much to broaden your understanding of what our boys are up against in the Pacific.

AS a rule, a successful writer is a person who has tried his hand at many other activities before giving in to the writing bug. William Byron Mowery, author of "The Flying Tiger of Tuttle Hollow", is no exception. At eleven he left home for good with an older brother, worked in carnival shows and made a grand tour of the United States. At fourteen he went to high school, hardly able to read or write. After a spell in the Tank Corps in World War I he went through the University of Illinois, got an A.B. and an A.M. and was on the way to a Ph.D. when the writing bug bit him. It is one of the few bugs of which we are fond. Where would we be without them? Well, we wouldn't have "The Flying Tiger of Tuttle Hollow" on page 10.

"The Will of Allah" by Gordon Craig is a story of desert warfare. Our newspapers give us the day-to-day cold facts about the engagements in the Middle East but it is writers like Mr. Craig who, by their fictionalization of the facts, make warfare vivid and real to those of us who are fortunate enough to spend an evening at home with a magazine.

"Greetings on this Happy Day" is Kent Richards' interpretation of that million-dollar business, the manufacture and sale of greeting cards. George Price's priceless sketches will give you a laugh as always.

Messrs. Frank, Hansen, Faust and Trullinger form a quartet to sing the praises of their respective professional interests. Mr. Trullinger, our Rod and Gun guide and the bass of the quartet, is pretty funny in discussing rather disastrous duck-hunting trips. We have always held to the opinion that the easiest, most sensible means of procuring duck was to pick up the phone and call the butcher. We still think so.

F.R.A.

Tick-Tock...Tick-Tock...

IT WAS WORTH THE WAIT!



SOME DAY a drink will be put in your hand, and you'll take a sip... and pause in your talk while you take another, thoughtfully. And then you'll ask a question and the answer will be "That?... That's Old Charter!" And you will have made a friend for life... For when we started with whiskey this noble by nature, then waited seven years while Time made it mellow and ripe... we were bound to wind up, as we have in Old Charter, with a whiskey that would get asked about... and remembered!

This Christmas Give
OLD CHARTER



A SUPERB AMERICAN WHISKEY
MATURED TO 7-YEAR PERFECTION

THIS WHISKEY IS 7 YEARS OLD, 90 PROOF,
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY. BERNHEIM
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JAPANESE

A crack foreign correspondent tells the strange story of the Jap walking dead, the zombies of this war.

By James R. Young

THE former American Ambassador to Japan, Joseph Clark Grew, on his return to this country on the diplomatic exchange ship *Grips-holm*, related how he once received the name of a Jap prisoner from the Chinese government, the family in Tokyo to be advised the soldier of Hirohito was alive and well.

The answer Mr. Grew subsequently received from the Black Dragon military government of Japan represents the contradictory interpretation of a prisoner of war status at the court of the Mikado.

Japan, Mr. Grew was informed, was not interested in the information. The family, he was warned, would not be advised of the Chinese government's diplomatic courtesy in forwarding a welfare report. The army headquarters ruled the soldier to be dead, and, to amplify, added quite formally "a man who allows himself to be captured has disgraced himself and his country".

Five years ago, in the early phases of the Japanese invasion of China, the yellow arjans made the odd assertion when questioned about prisoners that "no Japanese becomes a prisoner".

I heard this from two top-flight militarists—Gen. Sadao Araki and Gen. Senjuro Hayashi, both one-time and big-time war ministers. Front line stories on battles in China had carried items of large scale clashes in which "the enemy lost 6000 men and three Chinese villages were captured. Japanese losses were five dead, several injured and 20 horses killed". A Japanese military horse, killed in action, receives a posthumous honor of Imperial carrots to accompany him on his trip to the military shrine for animals where he joins his ancestors. Thus the frequent reference in Jap reports to horse losses.

At regular intervals, dispatches would report "full divisions of Chinese were annihilated with our side suffering the death of a few men and

several horses. Many Chinese were captured as they sought to escape our trap. Our side, fighting in awe for the Emperor, were in hand to hand combat".

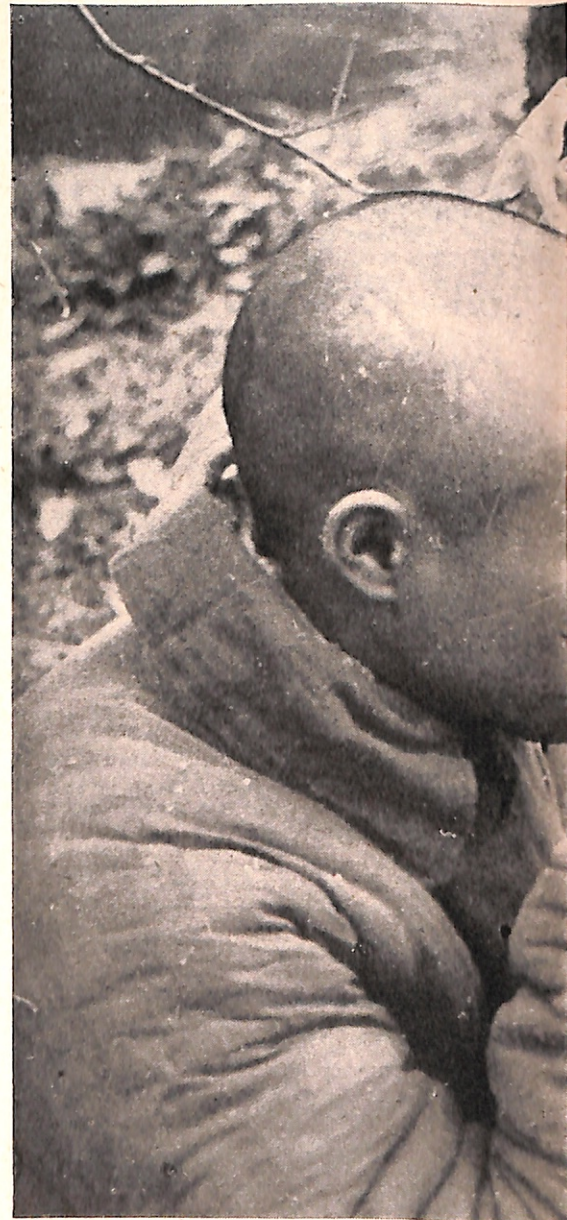
The only reference to prisoners was Chinese peasants captured when the invader entered a village or farm sector.

At a newspaper press conference, one of the few held by the War Ministry in Tokyo, General Hayashi was asked for an explanation of a military campaign wherein the enemy was obliterated, prisoners taken and Japanese losses confined to less than a dozen men, a few horses, with no prisoners taken by the Chinese.

"Japanese soldiers are victorious in battle or they are killed in action. It is dishonorable to be captured. A soldier could not return to his regiment should he escape his captors. To his ancestors and his government, he is dead—officially. Assuming he survived as a captive, he could not return to his home town when the war ended. He would disgrace his relations and his eldest son who succeeds as head of the family. The death bonus has been paid and Shinto priests chant the final rites when we issue the list of those who did not survive an action."

As foreign correspondents in Japan, we were in no position to break down General Hayashi's incredible discourse.

A fundamental belief of a Jap is his fanatic faith in the Emperor and the conception that the world was founded when the Sun Goddess made a three-point landing in Japan some 2,600 years ago, to found the land of the rising sun. The soldier and officer, most of them peasants, are convinced they are on a holy and divine mission licensed to slaughter and mistreat all who oppose their invasion. Capture would be a crime against the Imperial army. To die in battle, one's spirits, they believe, proceed to the famous shrine of Ya-



sukuni in Tokyo where soldier and sailor ashes merge as a part of Wang Tao, or the Imperial Way, a propagandized precept known to all Japanese. When the spirits "arrive", elaborate ceremonies occur.

A common practice of the Japanese is to kill their own men rather than have them become captives. Wounded, especially, are done away with if escape is impossible.

My first opportunity to examine the other side of this complex pris-

ZOMBIES



Photo by Thomas Kwang-Chungking, Paul Guillumette, Inc. Agents.

oner subject presented itself on a flying trip I made from Japan to China. I was anxious to see conditions in Free China. From Hong Kong I flew to Chungking, the capital seat of Gen. Chiang Kai-shek's government. Chinese newspapermen took me to prison camps housing captured Japanese. I was surprised, and delighted, to inspect their condition. One Sunday morning a group of Chinese joined me in a truck ride over the Burma road and some 40

miles from the bomb-havocked city of Chungking we located a sprawling one-storied Chinese house, evidently a private home which had been confiscated for concentration camp purposes. I had with me some Chinese cigarettes and bottles of fermented orange juice wine to give the prisoners from Japan.

In a pleasant courtyard, I found a number of Japanese prisoners, dressed in heavy, blue, cotton-padded Chinese gowns. They were reading

and talking. Two Japanese women peered from rooms which opened on the courtyard. A mild climate and the rural surroundings were peaceful in contrast to the war areas where the men had been caught.

I was accompanied by a fellow correspondent, James Stewart, who was born in Japan, the son of missionary parents. Our Chinese friends who were with us, could understand a few words of Japanese. Coupled with dialect problems, the Chinese



Photos by Thomas Kwang-Chungking, Paul Guillumette, Inc. Agents.

An unusual photograph of a typical Jap officer, an artillery captain, captured during the third Changsha victory.

ashes in the earthenware container wrapped in white cloth, with a coupon designating the balance was being issued to the family of the "deceased" in the token of a patriotic bond, with the admonition it was never to be cashed.

I had been told in Tokyo that the Japanese government was not fulfilling the obligation with cash in full. To maintain the myth of every soldier not victorious as dying in battle, boxes were prepared containing the alleged ashes of the man, and returned with great deification ceremony to the family. A few backsliders among the Japanese prisoners I contacted said, in effect, "Here we are alive, but our ashes have been

were unable to keep a conversation running. Stewart and I talked with the Japanese prisoners for half a day. At first they were reluctant to believe we were from Japan. One of the officers, a captain in the Japanese artillery, told us his home city was Hiroshima. Stewart surprised the fellow when he said that was his birthplace, too. I became acquainted with a Japanese radio operator in the camp. He had been a Kodak salesman in the city of Nagoya. A quartermaster officer volunteered the information that he was a former director of the Tsukiji Little Theater in Tokyo, one of the capital's best known drama houses. The pleasant-ries caused the Japanese to relax, drop their suspicion and talk they did—for hours. In the pure Japanese military interpretation, however, we were visiting with zombies, men in uniform from the land of the rising sun who were dead—officially.

The prisoners conceded the official decree. They would like to see their

families, but that must be years hence, they thought, when they might settle somewhere in the small isles of the South Seas. To return to Japan was impossible. They would be killed, they thought, by their own officers or Black Dragon patriots. Their families would be blacklisted into eternal shame at the altars of ancestral shrines. The home community would not recognize them. Their children would be barred from the public schools. And had not the Imperial government announced their death in the official gazette, and were not the death duties paid to the family, they countered in our questioning.

One Japanese, in discussing the death bonus, said there was ill feeling among the men in the action taken by their government—in the early part of the war, the full bonus, rated according to rank, had been paid in cash. In the third year of the war, however, the government was paying half cash on delivery of the



Above: Japanese prisoners being interrogated by a Chinese officer. Their clothes are Red Cross issue.



Left: Wounded Japanese prisoners being assisted by their captors to a dressing station.

returned home after cremation."

The Chinese attitude toward handling Japanese prisoners went through a transitory period, from one of killing those captured alive, to a new and somewhat humorous scheme of abandoning them after the captives are stripped. The early months of the Japanese invasion were days and nights of inhuman and ugly ways. The Japanese became spiritual barbarians. They caused surrenders to be effected, promising, to Chinese soldiers, officers and

teachers, merchants and students, housewives and peasant workers, immunity and safety. The Chinese, of whom about 30,000,000 have been driven inland by the Jap hordes of swashbuckling sword and bayonet wielders, will never erase from their memory the horrible atrocities perpetrated by the Japs. Hence, when a Jap unit would be ambushed and pounced upon by civilians who had been driven from their homes, killings would be reciprocated.

Militarily, Japan thrust inland from the border of Mongolia in the north to Indo-China, in wanton and ruthless operations, irrespective of international agreements in regard to hospitals, civilians and non-military zones. As the Jap army of occupation and its locust-like pests of commercial carpetbaggers, brothel and opium operators settled down, Chinese from the countryside would retaliate for their losses and experi-



Wide World

men had been captured, and very frankly stated that if a chance arose for escape, the men would be welcomed on their return.

The Chinese learned from their Japanese prisoners of war of the value placed on losing face and the meaning of insults to the ancestors if captured. As the word spread, Chinese who caught Japanese soldiers and officers, instead of killing them, would take overcoats, shirts, sweaters, helmets, binoculars, guns and commissary supplies. The Jap would be left to wander for himself. The Chinese knew he would not attempt a return to his unit.

One Japanese in the camp told me he was caught near the Yalu river. He and others were divested of all but shoes, cameras and money, and left to themselves to return to their regiment or find a prison camp. He had walked about six weeks in valleys and over mountain paths, subsisting on bamboo shoots, berries and grass, until he found a prison house. The Chinese, he said, seemed not to prefer shoes. Chinese soldiers wear straw sandals. Shoes hurt, especially the bulky type worn by Japanese soldiers. The money would be of no use, and films would be necessary for cameras.

A Japanese seldom understands the Chinese language. Thus, wandering as a "dead" prisoner, yet not taken as a prisoner, he finds himself in a quandary to explain who he is, nearly naked, hungry and lost. The Chinese attitude is, if the fellow is so divine that he cannot return home, better let him find his way about. Thousands of Chinese guerrillas have been equipped with Japanese uniforms, service caps, bicycles, flashlights and small arms, particularly pistols and rifles.

On the recent trip to the China front of Wendell Willkie, his host, the son of General Chiang Kai-shek, served the visitor with Japanese beer, which, he explained, his soldiers had grabbed one night when

Above: The author, James R. Young, standing, and James Stewart were the first American correspondents to interview Jap prisoners. On his return to Japan Mr. Young received a one-month jail sentence for his contact with these prisoners.

they invaded a Jap camp across the river. Much like the famous Shanghai Express—the Japanese looked for it for four years, finally to learn the Chinese had taken the locomotive, tender, three coaches and 200 miles of rails and moved it overland about 800 miles from Shanghai. The proud and incredible Chinese said they would have 500 miles of track in operation "as soon as the guerrillas return from the Japanese occupied zone. They've gone there for more rails".

Jap prisoners are given all available medical attention. They are provided with Chinese Red Cross outfits. The shortage of X-ray films, anesthesia preparations, iodine, quinine and cotton could be charged to Japanese airplanes which bombed precious and indispensable Red Cross medical relief supplies on the Burma road.

Special education groups are organized by the Chinese, to convert Japanese prisoners to the Chinese view. The Japs told me in the interview with them that treatment was satisfactory, but they were lonesome and unhappy about their future since they would be unable to return to their fishing ships, rice fields or stores. The education process, they told me, was not penetrating.

Back in Chungking, I noticed the foreign correspondents wearing Japanese overcoats. Teddy White of *Time* and *Life* had Japanese guns and flags in his room. Vic Keen of the *New York Herald Tribune* kept warm with a Japanese army coat. The Havas (French) news agency

(Continued on page 37)

ences. Few Japanese lived to be prisoners in the night raid tactics of the Chinese people who operated from forests and mountain hideouts.

I inquired of the Japanese in the prison camp how many they believed to have been interned. Their figures were so varied that no accurate conclusion could be reached. The Chinese claimed about 10,000—in groups of 50 to 1,000, scattered throughout west China—men who had been taken in the latter part of the campaign. Women, they explained, were seized by Chinese guerrillas when they raided a town, to be held as hostages against Japanese who were holding Chinese women.

As the Chinese began to establish their lines of combat, and hold them, a new attitude toward prisoners developed. The Chinese admitted their

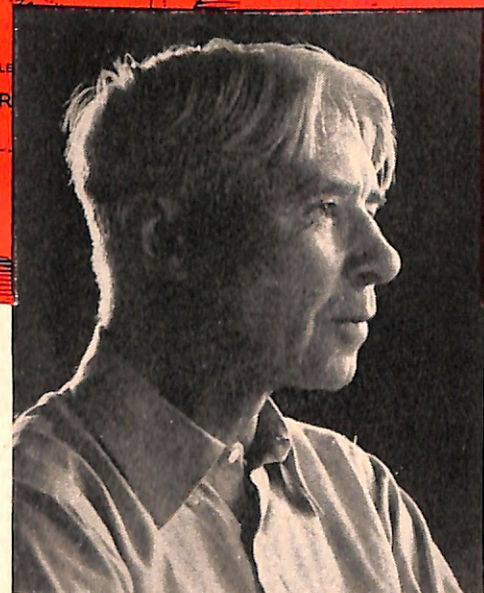


Photo by Steichen

Carl Sandburg's new book, "Storm Over the Land", is called "a profile of the Civil War", and actually it is made up of extracts carefully culled from his great biography, "Abraham Lincoln; the War Years".

What America is reading

By Harry Hansen

BOOKS by war correspondents have a real importance; they are not only accounts by eye-witnesses of pivotal events, but they give us an opportunity to profit by the disasters they reveal. At the front the correspondents write at white heat; when they prepare their books they have had time to reflect and to give us the benefit of their ideas. This is precisely the case with two recent publications, "Queen of the Flat-tops" by Stanley Johnston, the story of how the U. S. car-

rier *Lexington* fought and lost, and "Suez to Singapore", by Cecil Brown, who slid off the *Repulse* when she went down and watched the demoralization of Singapore and the loss of Malaya. "Queen of the Flat-tops" is not a doleful story; on the contrary, it reveals how much we can accomplish when we have the means at hand. The *Lexington* was a heavy ship, with a runway of 900 feet for its planes, and its men served with daring, courage and brilliance. John-

ston was on board as a correspondent and entered into the life of the ship; hence we see, for the first time, how officers and men live on board a carrier, and what duties they must perform. On May 4, 1942, the planes discovered the Japanese ships massed at Tulagi; they sank fourteen out of fifteen ships. On May 7 they sank a Japanese carrier and a cruiser and damaged another carrier. Their bag of Japanese airplanes was very large and Johnston gives a vivid account (Continued on page 46)

\$PORT\$ DYNAMITE



IF ANYONE had forecast a year ago that Americans, on the first anniversary of Pearl Harbor, would be lavishing more money and attention on sports than they ever did in the lush days, you would have been properly horrified. You would have said the scurrilous swami was crazy and/or a fifth columnist. Had you been asked for an advance opinion in the event the prediction came true, you undoubtedly would have said, flatly and fatalistically, that America would be losing the war.

Deponent wouldn't know about Americans, but I do know that the supposititious swami was not crazy.

We'll bet that you agree with Mr. Frank's views on betting.

By Stanley Frank

And all of us know for sure that America is not, and will not be, losing the war. President Roosevelt declared the Nation's war effort to be eminently satisfactory after his secret tour of the country; the citizens plainly are seriously concerned with the successful prosecution of the war.

Yet they also are wrapped up in sports—even in times of peace one of the least important activities. It doesn't seem to add up.

Nothing in this sports situation adds up logically—particularly the enormous amounts spent in betting on sports and admissions, a staggering sum taken straight or with water. There are more than four million young Americans in the armed forces; they have been drawn from the largest group that supplied the bulk of sports patronage. But despite this heavy drain of potential customers, over-all attendance at

(Continued on page 43)

FOR the Ozark country it was a rare cold morning, with the thermometer down to zero and a six-inch blanket of snow lying white over the hills and hollows.

As Jo-Billy hunted through a sassafras bottom for rabbit dens, he felt chilled to the bone, and his feet were smarting in his floppy gum boots. His thin old clothes were just no account in such punishing weather. But he swore, through chattering teeth, that he wasn't letting any zero drive him home till he'd caught all the rabbits he needed.

Only twelve, and short for his age, Jo-Billy had black hair and keen black eyes and a body tough as a birch knot. His patched mackinaw, which he'd bought from a bigger boy for a ferret and a bushel of walnuts, nearly brushed the snow as he slogged along.

Now and then Jo-Billy glanced back across Little Waupaugh at the old farmhouse where he lived with

Uncle Tobe, and listened to the *zzzipp-zzzwapp* of the bucksaw in the woodyard. He wished Uncle Tobe wouldn't insist on going outdoors on a morning like this. If a crutch slipped or broke, he mightn't make it back in.

Besides minding Uncle Tobe, Jo-Billy—with four illegal rabbits slung over his shoulder—was watching out sharp for Warden Lem Dresbach. Sour old Lem spent most of his time sneaking around in these back hills, and he was particular death on ferrets. A family could be near starving and the rabbits thick as chiggers, but if Lem caught 'em "bugging", he shot their ferret, slammed 'em in jail and fined 'em the limit.

Every rod or so, Jo-Billy would slip his hand into the feather-lined poke under his mackinaw, to pet Queenie; and Queenie would bite him, friendly-like. No bigger than a stretched whiffet, she was the best ferret in the whole Ouachitas. Big

ferrets often killed rabbits back in the dens, but Queenie was so little that they just shook her off or butted her to one side, and came scally-hooting out.

At Jo-Billy's heels Gyp was slouching along with his tail down, jealous; this was Queenie's party and he was playing second fiddle. He hadn't any time for this kind of hunting or for Queenie. To his thinking she was just a renegade weasel.

With the snow exactly right, Jo-Billy was hoping to catch three dozen rabbits by dusk. The first twelve had to be eating rabbits. He and Uncle Tobe had been making out on crackling soup and mush for a week, and he felt ga'nt. But the other two dozen would be peddled in Wau-

"The Flying Tiger of Tuttle Hollow"

When a "Flying Tiger" returns from the wars and starts bugging rabbits, something is wrong. There was.

By William Byron Mowery



paugh, to make the down payment on that wheel chair. Then Uncle Tobe could go clipping around the house and even out to the barn as frisky as popcorn.

As he swung shy of a cocklebur patch, Jo-Billy suddenly saw a man ahead, hardly a rod away from him. It wasn't Lem Dresbach, but Lem had deputies, and this person had plainly been watching him.

His impulse was to whirl and run. But he knew he couldn't outfoot the man in that snow and his floppy boots. Scared all through, he marched up to the stranger and demanded, "What're you doing on Tuttle land 'thout permittance?"

A smile twitched the stranger's lips as he looked his small challenger up and down. Tall, rangy and about twenty-six, the man was dressed in neat warm clothes and laced boots. His gray eyes were sharp as gun sights, his face was hard and lean. Not sour hard like Lem's, but tough hard.

Acting nice as could be, the stran-

ger took off a glove to shake hands. "You're Jo-Billy Tuttle. I'm Sleet McAllister. Four rabbits, I see—fine going! How'd you get 'em?"

With great relief Jo-Billy jumped to the conclusion that no person that friendly could be any game officer. Seeing no need to conceal, he said, "I bugged 'em." He reached into the feather poke and brought Queenie out—a brown, fuzzy creature the size of a small corncob, with black, shoe-button eyes and a tawny stripe down her backbone.

"She's so teeny," he told Sleet, "that she can't whup a *booh*, but at bluffing—she can scare a wildcat so

The chase was a circus to watch. Sleet was right in the middle of it, shouting at Gyp—"Nail him, you buttermouth!"



bad he'll run faster'n his shadow. Put her under a barn, and dreckly ever' rat in the place comes boiling out with a ticket for Texas."

Sleet interrupted, and his tones were stern. "Jo-Billy, don't you know that ferreting is a serious offense?"

Uneasiness tingled through Jo-Billy. On Sleet's jacket he saw a suspicious bulge where a game officer would wear his badge pinned to his shirt.

Sleet was thinking hard. "Look," he said, "you couldn't be needing rabbits to eat, could you? If a family's low on grub, that excuses—"

Jo-Billy snorted. "To eat?—heck no!" Going hungry wasn't bad, but having anybody know was a disgrace. "Why, we killed a pig Monday and been eating tenderloin ever since." Now he *knew* that Sleet wasn't a game officer. No deputy of Lem Dresbach's would ever hunt excuses to let a fellow off!

Frowning, Sleet pushed back his hunter cap and scratched his sandy hair. "Well, then, don't you have crops in the summer that these rabbits damage?"

"Oh, they nibble around some," Jo-Billy said. He pointed at a small bottom where he'd planted popcorn to buy winter duds for himself and Uncle Tobe; but the crows, rabbits, coons, squirrels and woodpeckers hadn't left enough to buy gumdrops. "The cottontails done their share of dirty work on that popcorn patch, I guess."

Sleet's frown all vanished. "That's it! Rabbits go for popcorn. I'll bet they ate it off clear to the ground!"

"Wull, yeh," Jo-Billy agreed. If Sleet wanted it that way, no difference with him. Wishing he had a hunting partner, especially such a nice one as Sleet, he motioned at the hillside above the bottom. "If you'd like to see Queenie work, we could make a sachay along that worm-rail fence. In the dens by the woods we'll find a slew of rabbits."

Sleet looked a little dizzy. "Lord," he breathed, "me—bugging!" Then he took thought. A grin came, and broadened. "Okay, I'll go! In fact, it's my duty to learn how ferreting is done. But if Lem Dresbach comes along, he'll sure have both of us in his peep-sight."

Jo-Billy scoffed. "I've bugged for three year and Lem's never got a-near me. Even the jay-birds hate and d'spise him, and they tell you he's coming a mile off."

As they climbed the weedy slope, talking up an acquaintance, Jo-Billy noticed that Sleet limped a little. He also noticed something mysterious about his companion's hard, clean-cut face. Only one side of it ever moved, the left side. Whenever Sleet grinned, the right side just stayed put, like a mask.

At a stop to breathe, Sleet gazed across at the farmhouse in the mouth of Tuttle Hollow. "Nice old place you've got, fellow. That hollow looks as wild as Borneo."

Jo-Billy nodded, but he wished Sleet could have seen the croft two

years ago, when Uncle Tobe was a whole man. Everything painted, fields all neat, fence-rows all clean. He felt dreadful for being so little that he couldn't raise crops or tend much stock. The most he could do for money was to hunt wild ginseng in summer and trap some in the Fall, and that wasn't enough. The old croft was sinking. He wasn't worrying much about himself; somebody would take him in; but who would want Uncle Tobe, all broken, and getting oldish?

"You and Tobe are alone, I hear," Sleet said.

Jo-Billy nodded again. Uncle Tobe had never married. He'd raised half a dozen stray Tuttle boys, near kin and far; but now they all had families of their own or were off to the war. In his time of need Uncle Tobe hadn't a soul around, ex-

cusing a young 'un. How big and strong he'd been before that log skid caught him, and how helpless now, dragging himself around on crutches and rigged-up wires!

In the briars of the upper slope Sleet and he began seeing rabbit tracks; and in the sumacs along the fence the rabbits had paths like



sheep runs. Jo-Billy rubbed his numb hands gleefully. "Sleet, we're in for some fun!"

Sleet glanced around the white landscape for Lem. "Don't call it fun. We're combatting a crop pest, fellow!"

Around the first hole they came to, the rabbit sign was a scandal. It was a ground-hog den, but the ground-hog was sound asleep, walled up in a side room so that a weasel couldn't come along and get fresh; and the rabbits were making a regular hotel of his place. Four runs led to the front door and three to the back door a rod away; and the holes were coated with rime, where rabbit breath was floating out and hitting the cold.

Jo-Billy motioned at the back hole. "You take that'n, Sleet, and I'll take this'n. Jest spread your hands over the mouth, and when they come swooshing out, grab 'em!"

Down on his knees, he laid a dry sack in the hole so that Queenie wouldn't have to step in the snow. Then he brought her out, blinking and shivering. Instead of putting her into the den right off, he stroked her head, tender-like, helped her scratch a flea and talked patter with her.

Sleet grinned. "She might like a stick of chewing gum. Why're you breathing on her face like that?"

"Why, if she was to meet a wicked animal in there, like a weasel or mink or a grinning possum, he'd shy away if she's got my fresh scent on her."

He placed Queenie on the sack, and after some sniffing and doodling she started down into the hole. For nearly a minute not a sigh or a sound came out. Then Queenie got into the same pocket with a rabbit. It was a buck, and it stomped warning. But that was all bluff, and a yard wide. To him Queenie was some kind of a weasel, and he wasn't even interested what kind, just so it was a weasel; and he put on his feet and came out of there like a run-away horse through a covered bridge.

Jo-Billy spread his fingers over the hole he was guarding, but the cottontail decided the back door was the quickest way out. Sleet caught him head-on, gave him a sharp rap behind the ears, and tossed him to one side on the snow.

Then the tea-party back in the den really got lively. Three-four rabbits stomped their feet, and half a dozen potato wagons started rolling. One

barged out and hit Jo-Billy's hands. Before that one had been tended to, out popped another, and he barely contrived to grab it by a hind leg. Right on that one's tail another squirted out, and sailed over his shoulder.

He shouted, "Gyp! Yon he goes! Git'm!" But Gyp had already lit out after it, yelping every jump.

When the commotion finally died down, Sleet looked across and held up three fingers. Jo-Billy whistled. His own two, Sleet's three and Gyp's one made six—from one hole!

"That's fast stuff," Sleet remarked. "Fast as meeting a few Zeros unexpected."

Jo-Billy jerked a little and stared across at him suspiciously. He'd already figured Sleet as a flier; he knew that a Zero was a Jap plane, and a tremendous hunch hit him.

"Looky here, Sleet," he demanded, "how comes you know that meeting Zeros is fast stuff?"

Sleet slapped the snow out of his gloves. "That was just a remark. Forget it."

Jo-Billy's eyes began to bulge. "Sleet, you've been over in the Pacific whupping Jappers! I can smell it!"

Sleet fidgeted. "Well, I guess, er, I was out there. I guess I did get several. But it wound up with *them* 'whupping' me. Anyhow I got knocked down, sent home for repairs and then put on the shelf."

"Repairs? Is that how you got the—the face?"

Sleet nodded. "Swell work the docs did; the sides match up dandy. My eye will improve too, they say."

Jo-Billy couldn't move, could only sit and stare, tongue-tied, his eyes big with awe. All up and down Little Waupaugh his friends were playing a game called "Jappers and the Flying Tigers", and here, right here in flesh and blood, was a Tiger—grinning, talking, bugging with him! Sleet began stringing the cottontails, and finally Jo-Billy remembered he hadn't got Queenie back out of the den.

This was usually the aggravating part of bugging. If a ferret wanted to curl up in the warm nest where a rabbit had been, a person could wait around in the cold all day. If it killed a rabbit in a hole, it would lay up for a week. Onliest thing a person could do was plug the den up and come back every morning till the rabbit was all gone.

But Queenie, as usual, came right out and walked onto the dry sack and let him put her into the poke snip-snap.

At a second den he and Sleet got three more rabbits; at another, two; then four. By the time they reached the heavy woods they had the dozen pot rabbits and thirteen toward the wheel chair.

"You look cold, fellow," Sleet said. "Want to go home?"

Jo-Billy said, "Naw!" His feet were stinging so hard that his eyes watered; but he didn't want to lose

(Continued on page 51)

Lem fixed his sour gaze on Jo-Billy. "Git your boots on kid—you're traveling—with me!"

Illustrated by AMOS SEWELL





THE hot sand grew cooler under his body as he lay motionless watching the dust cloud. The rapid pulsing of a motor was an alien sound disturbing the desert stillness. The thin sound, the dust, the watcher on the hill and the everlasting flies were the only vestige of life in a dead world of sand and heat and more sand.

Ato Aberra shaded his eyes as the dust cloud topped the last of the

endless sand hills and brought with it a caterpillar car, half tractor tread. In the marvelous desert clearness he could see four men, three of them sitting bolt upright, the other lounging beside the driver. The vicious sun gleamed on the polished metal of rifles and belt buckles.

Three of the men were native soldiers, their red tarbooshes startlingly bright against the arid drabness of the desert. The fourth was a white

"You go first and pull down those tins. I have seen a booby trap before!"

officer. From time to time came the blinding flash of his binoculars as he swung them to and fro looking for some sign of life.

Ato Aberra waited, motionless, with the infinite patience born in desert dwellers, for a full hour as the hybrid car toiled over the undulating

**It was all one to Ato Aberra who
got the booty. If the Italian got it,
it was the will of Allah.**

By Gordon Craig

The WILL of ALLAH

waste, slithering and slipping in the treacherous sand.

At last, at the foot of the hill on whose top he lay concealed, the motor gave a series of sharp staccato coughs, caught once again, and then died. The officer climbed laboriously down, cursing steadily in a high monotonous voice. The sound carried clearly in the thin desert air.

Ato Aberra knew the language for Italian and he spat deliberately.

The officer went to the spare petrol tins carried in a rack on the running board of the tractor car, shook them one by one and threw them from him in a rage. He stamped up and down until he tired and sank to the sand in the partial shadow of the car. The black troopers stood stolidly, impervious alike to the heat and his abuse.

A hundred paces above them Ato Aberra considered what he saw and reached a decision. He got to his feet, straight and tall against the intense blueness of the sky, and called once.

"Aye-ee!"

The officer screamed a command and dodged around the car. As one

man the black soldiers came to one knee with leveled rifles.

Ato Aberra raised both hands palm outward in the age-old gesture of peace and advanced down the hill. The officer came cautiously from behind the car, appraising him carefully, noting the clean white *shamma* tied across his chest, the goatskin water-bag slung about his shoulders, the sword arm traditionally bare, gleaming black and sinewy in the blazing sun.

"What are you doing here?" the officer demanded in the Somali tongue of the coast.

"I am a trader," Ato Aberra answered in his careful Italian. "It is my business to know the language of others."

The officer considered this suspiciously.

"A trader without goods?"

Ato Aberra shrugged. "I but follow my trade. My goods are sold. I go to a place where I may buy more."

"Alone? With no camel?"

Ato Aberra spat. "The beast died from a swelling of the belly as the last sun set."

Still holding Ato Aberra with his

suspicious eyes the officer ordered his men to stand at ease.

Ato Aberra gestured toward the petrol tins, so ludicrously out of place in the desert sand. "There is a place I know," he said thoughtfully, "not half a day's journey from this spot, where tins such as these are piled as high as a tall man."

The officer grasped him roughly by the arm.

"Where is this place? How do you know?"

Deliberately Ato Aberra disengaged himself. "I saw the thing done, by men in a carriage much like yours."

"By God! A British supply dump! Take me there—at once!"

Ato Aberra lifted his hands. "I am a trader," he said simply.

The Italian jerked his automatic from its holster excitedly. "If you don't take us at once, I will shoot."

"Consider this," Ato Aberra said carefully. "You have no fuel. You are many miles from your forts. The way is hard and difficult to follow. These pigs," he gestured contemptuously toward the motionless troopers, "are from the Benadir Coast by their language, and of less use than a small child in the desert. I alone can help you. Is it not fair that I should profit?"

After a moment the officer laughed. "By all means. What do you ask?"

"Since the service I do is great, the payment is high. I ask that you give me your guns and ammunition, save only the small arm that you carry. That I will not take so that you may not lack protection. We will leave the weapons at this spot and when we return I shall be paid. There is much profit in guns."

"Leave them so your friends can get at them as soon as our backs are turned? Do you think I'm an idiot?"

Ato Aberra looked down at the Italian. "I am a trader," he said simply, "and an honest man." He pointed toward the automatic the officer still held. "There is always that. My life is under your finger like a fly trapped in a honey cup. I will take you to this place and, if Allah is willing, I will bring you back. This I swear by the Great Gibbi of King Menelik."

THE officer considered this grudgingly, his eyes narrowed and intent. Abruptly he gave an order and his men moved to obey. They stacked their rifles and bandoleers carefully in the body of the car. After Ato Aberra had satisfied himself that all was as he wished he started out at right angles to the direction in which they had come. The officer stayed close to him, his hand resting on the butt of his automatic. The black troopers strung out single-file behind him. The Italian glanced once, lingeringly, at the car as they topped the crest of the first sand hill. Then they were lost in the endless vista of sand and sky.

Ato Aberra walked with a steady
(Continued on page 38)



This is the 100th Anniversary of the greeting card. It is now a big industry, and our Mr. Richards gives you a heel's-eye view of its progress.

By Kent Richards

ONE HUNDRED years ago this month one Englishman sent to another the first authentic Christmas card on record. During the present holiday season more than one and a half billion Christ-

mas greetings will be dispatched in America alone, as a climax to the biggest sales period in the history of the greeting card business. In this third year of World War II more people signed their names to messages of filial devotion and convivial cheer than during any twelve months since early Egyptians in-

scribed hieroglyphics on small pieces of clay which, when later laboriously translated by unsmiling scientists from the British Museum, were found to say the equivalent of "Happy Himmarrabi's Birthday". At the rate the greeting card custom is growing, eager researchers 3996 years from now will show only mild surprise when they dig up the World's Fair Time Capsule and find therein a typical Mother's Day greeting *circa* 1939.

At one time, barely within the memory of men now living, the send-

ing of greetings to acquaintances, relatives and the girl friend was as spontaneous as baking an upside down pineapple cake. It resulted from happy inspiration. But it isn't like that today. Sentiment is now big business. People who think that greeting cards just happen, that the nice lady down at the book shoppe whips them up in the back room, have an erroneous conception. The creation, manufacture, distribution and sale of greeting cards, ranging from the simple and forthright "Merry Christmas" to a subtle and sentimental Valentine sonnet calculated to break the resistance of the most adamant female, have become a major and highly competitive industry with sales campaigns, quotas and even—whisper the word—profits.

During the past year the women of America put out \$200,000,000, plus postage, to express their sentiments toward their friends by card; signed, licked, addressed and stamped no less than 3,000,000,000 of the things—and that in addition to telegrams, personal notes, telephone calls and the swank privately composed and specially printed salutations with which the more solvent of the intelligentsia greet their friends and creditors during the holiday season. And though nowadays three billion may not be a lot of dollars, it is a whale of a lot of greeting cards.

But even more amazing than this huge figure is the fact that less than half of them are sent at Christmas, the traditional season for canned communication. One and a half billion, plus, of those greetings are sent on Valentine's Day, Mother's Day, Graduation Day, So-You're-Out-Of-Jail-or-the-Hospital Days and a long list of synthetic holidays which the greeting card people, together with florists, telegraph and telephone companies, have nursed along until they

are practically Mandatory Observances. It is getting so a man can't leave his office—or fall out of ranks in his platoon—without worrying to himself, "Now what Day is this? Have I failed to observe the anniversary of Aunt Minnie's appendectomy? Have I skipped the seventh observance of Uncle Jasper's graduation from Correspondence School? Is this the natal day of Cousin Elmer's first tooth? I'm in the clear on Mother's Day and Father's Day, but what about Half-Brother's Day?"

Fortunately for persons of uncertain memory—which takes in most of us—those conniving to have more days observed have published a handy pocket calendar guaranteed to jog even an amnesiac back to where he can keep track of really Important Things. These reminders are printed in huge quantities and distributed with secret instructions as to methods of palming them off on the male public. Women, of course, always Remember.

Though tangible, these calendars are but a minor factor in propaganda which is rapidly bringing about the realization of the card publishers' dream of "Every Day a Greeting Day". Most of the effort is as subtle as it is effective. Its result is to make a man feel like a heel if he doesn't crash through. Nothing crude like direct selling is used, of course. Just placards posted every few feet asking, in effect, "Is *your* Mother the one who won't be remembered?" The catch is, of course, that a man who fails to succumb to that sort of an appeal is a heel!

The true origin of the greeting card is somewhat obscure. Ernest Dudley Chase, an official of one of the largest card publishing firms in America, probably knows more about greeting card lore than anyone else in this country. His brief summary

of greeting card history opens on a cheering note.

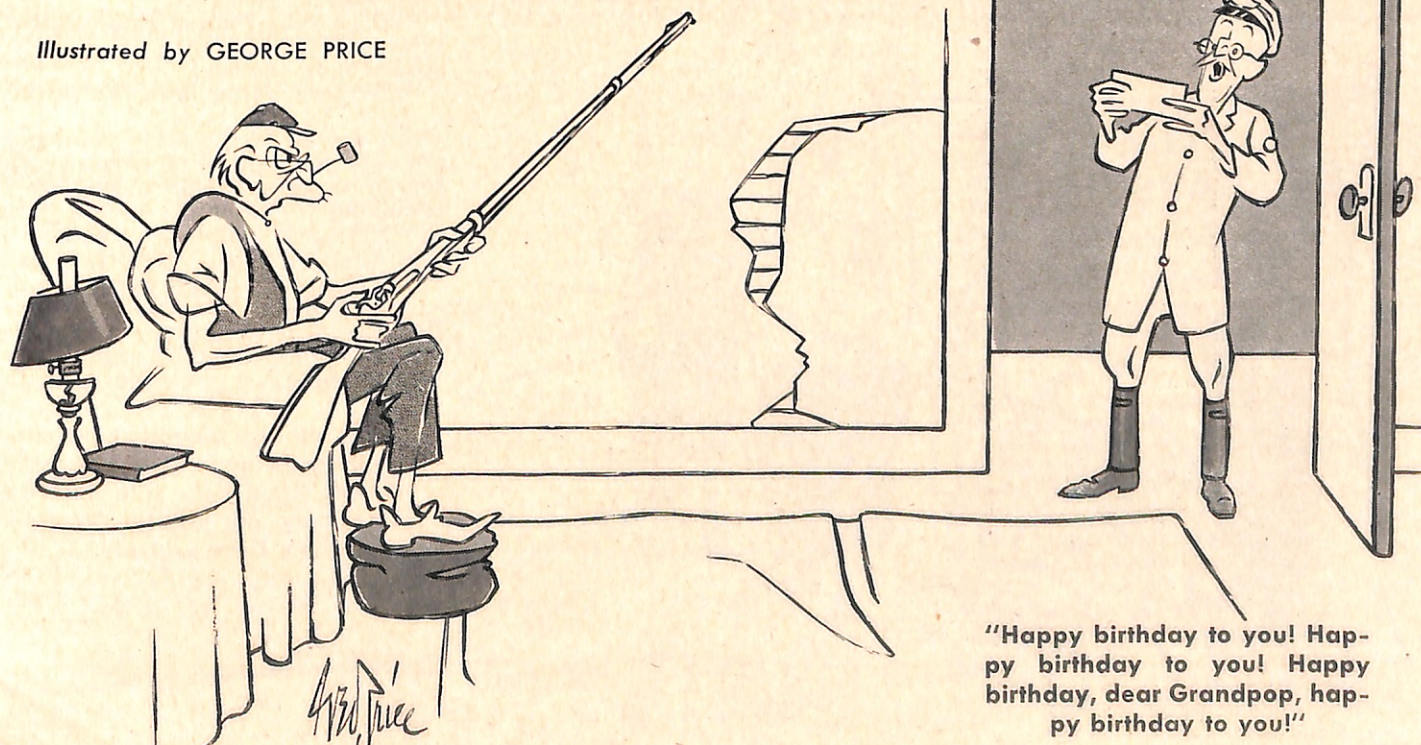
"Probably," this authority writes, "the early cave man sent his messages in the form of a sign—a leaf from a tree, a flower, a bright feather from some beautiful jungle bird, a stone, a crystal or any one of the thousand and one objects that might have been recognized as a token of loyalty, good cheer and friendliness."

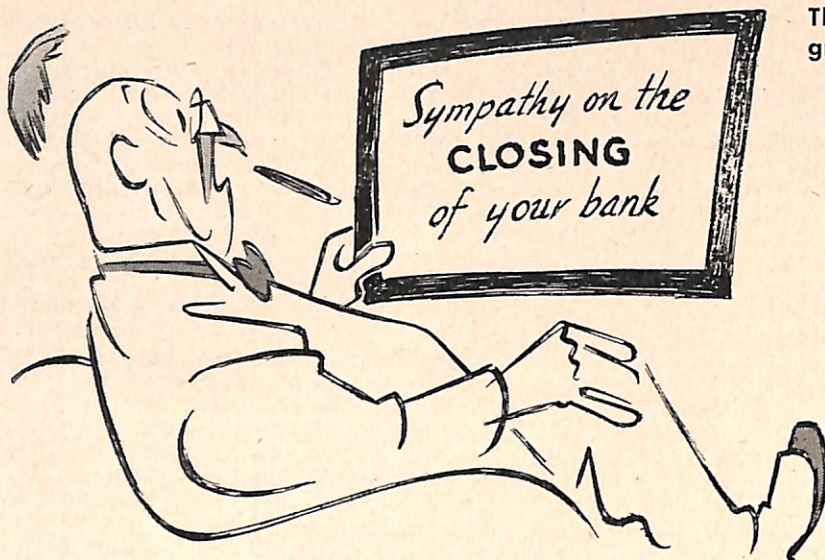
This concept of Neanderthal man sending around blue jay feathers and bottle tops to neighboring tribesmen is a new one, but certainly much more pleasing than the one which some scientists have advanced—to wit, that cave men were wholly occupied with war, sex, food and scratching themselves.

But Mr. Chase pictures the gradual development of the greeting card as running parallel to, and perhaps sometimes a little in advance of, the growth of man's intellect. When man began to fashion tools and weapons for himself and make crude carvings, Mr. Chase says (and if his tongue is in his cheek you'd never know it), he probably scratched signs on pieces of stone and on the bark of trees. These were left near cave entrances, as a sign of amity. Later, Egyptians sent around *their* hieroglyphic greetings by special messengers. There is no record, however, that they ever used messengers who sang.

But it was the dark ages, accord-

Illustrated by GEORGE PRICE





The range of commercial greeting cards is almost fabulous.

anyone who would trouble to do all that fancy work must certainly mean what he said.

The wording of most of these verses was highly personal in tone. Class and craft distinctions were sharply drawn and no self-respecting artisan wanted the object of his intentions, honorable or dishonorable, to confuse his overtures with those, say, of the local fishmonger. Here is an example which not only clearly states the occupation of the sender but rather neatly combines a touch of sentiment with what in modern breach of promise courts would certainly be construed as an offer good until revoked:

FROM A MASON

To My Valentine

With Mortar and Trowel

You know I do no ill,

But a mansion can raise very high;

Then, sweet Valentine,

If you will be mine

You shall have a fine house by and by.

This appeal to milady's practical instincts is found in one of these early booklets, together with an appropriate reply. The idea was that both sender and recipient possessed the same professional aid to romance. If the lady didn't have it and wanted to do business, she would rush out and ransack the town till she found a copy. This is the reply which she blushing copied:

Dearest Valentine

My Charmer, my Sweet,

I will kneel at your feet,

And to your fond wishes incline;

Your mansion so great

So charming and neat,

Will please your own Valentine.

But not all of the early published verses were intended to arouse sentimental response. Some, indeed, were calculated to incite the recipient to mayhem and doubtless occasioned more than one post-Valentine's Day brawl. Though always worded as if sent by a man, the value of these little gems of invective was doubtless fully appreciated by women who were engaged in a war of nerves with

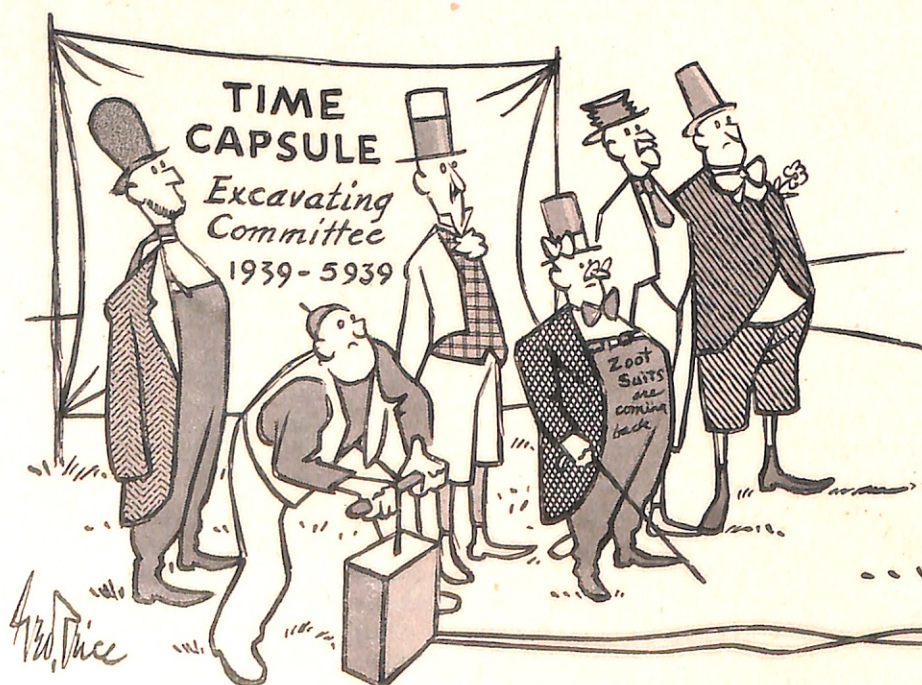
At the rate the greeting card custom is growing, eager researchers will show only mild surprise when they dig up the World's Fair Time Capsule.

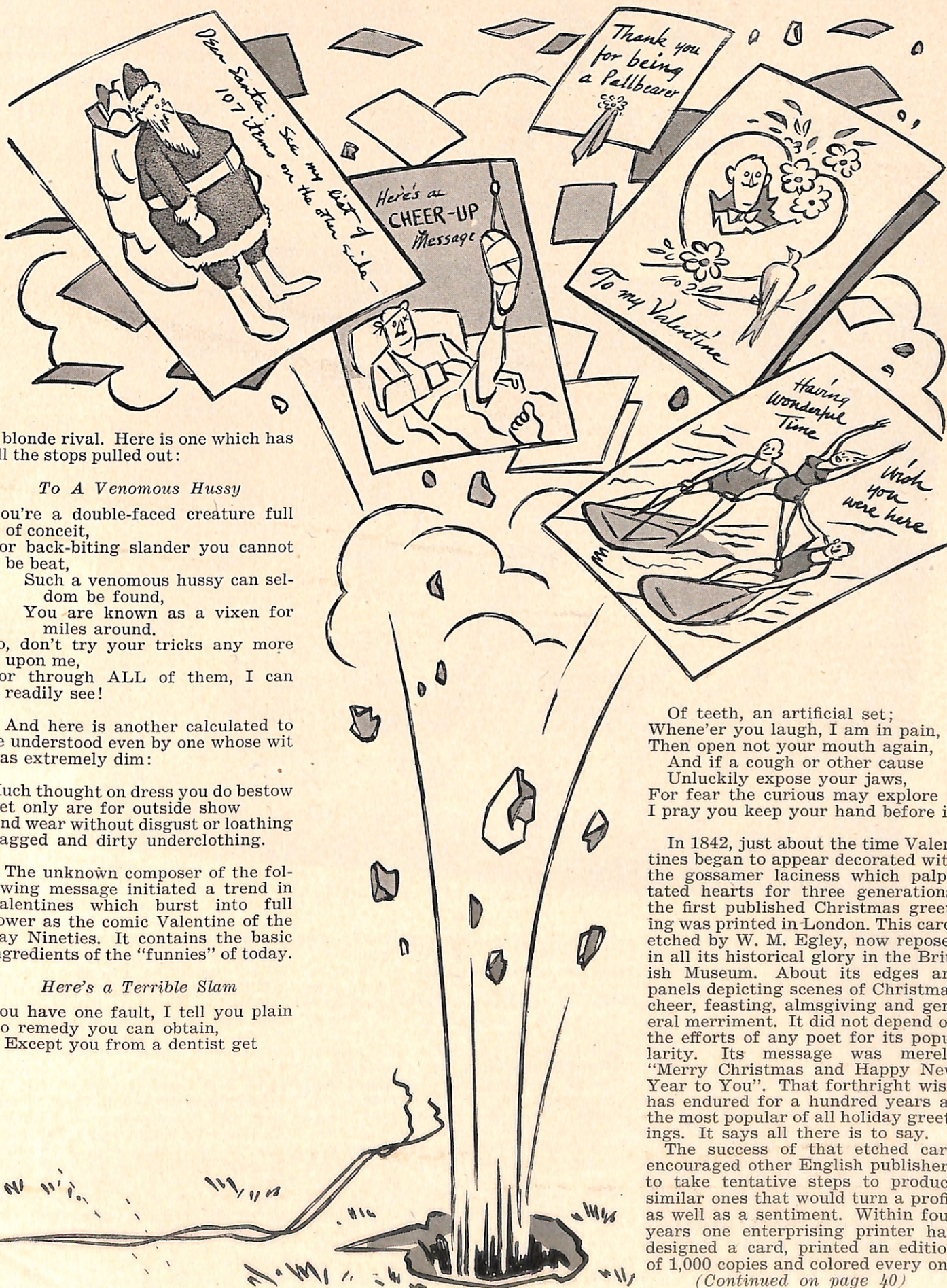
ing to Mr. Chase, that really began to rev up the greeting industry. During that period, it seems, letters and messages and tokens of good cheer were exchanged all over Europe. Mr. Chase tells us, "Many have been the romances made beautiful and inspiring by deeds of valor wrought in the safe delivery of missives of love and friendship. Chivalry was at its height, and where the courteous knights rode forth, there, in due time, followed correspondence. Thoughts were even conveyed by the dispatch of a glove, a kerchief, a knot of ribbon, a garter or other trinkets."

However, in the bright lexicon of youth, even the message of the garter was limited. More specific statements seemed to be required. By the late middle ages Valentines, so named after the patron saint of lovers, were being widely resorted to by those few who enjoyed the happy combination of being both love-sick and literate. But one still couldn't

go down to the local apothecary and pick out a card inscribed with a suitable sentiment. In those days a suitor was strictly on his own. He scanned iambic pentameter and mixed his metaphors personally, or he did without, until one day a swain whose hand was more ready with the lance than with the pen found a scribe who would express his yearning for him at so much per line. At that moment greeting card writers lost their amateur status and turned pro. They've been that way ever since.

By the early seventeen hundreds several enterprising poets were publishing booklets containing propositioning verses expressing almost every degree of fervor. One book was appropriately named "A Quiver of Love". Every verse presumably was an arrow. These verses were copied by the lovelorn and embellished at first with scrolls and hearts, and later with lace and ribbons, as evidence of sincerity. The theory was that





a blonde rival. Here is one which has all the stops pulled out:

To A Venomous Hussy

You're a double-faced creature full of conceit,
For back-biting slander you cannot be beat,

Such a venomous hussy can seldom be found,
You are known as a vixen for miles around.

So, don't try your tricks any more upon me,
For through ALL of them, I can readily see!

And here is another calculated to be understood even by one whose wit was extremely dim:

Much thought on dress you do bestow
Yet only are for outside show
And wear without disgust or loathing
Ragged and dirty underclothing.

The unknown composer of the following message initiated a trend in Valentines which burst into full flower as the comic Valentine of the Gay Nineties. It contains the basic ingredients of the "funnies" of today.

Here's a Terrible Slam

You have one fault, I tell you plain
No remedy you can obtain,
Except you from a dentist get

Of teeth, an artificial set;
Whene'er you laugh, I am in pain,
Then open not your mouth again,
And if a cough or other cause
Unluckily expose your jaws,
For fear the curious may explore it
I pray you keep your hand before it.

In 1842, just about the time Valentines began to appear decorated with the gossamer laciness which palpitated hearts for three generations, the first published Christmas greeting was printed in London. This card, etched by W. M. Egle, now reposes in all its historical glory in the British Museum. About its edges are panels depicting scenes of Christmas cheer, feasting, almsgiving and general merriment. It did not depend on the efforts of any poet for its popularity. Its message was merely "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to You". That forthright wish has endured for a hundred years as the most popular of all holiday greetings. It says all there is to say.

The success of that etched card encouraged other English publishers to take tentative steps to produce similar ones that would turn a profit as well as a sentiment. Within four years one enterprising printer had designed a card, printed an edition of 1,000 copies and colored every one

(Continued on page 40)

In the DOGHOUSE with Ed Faust

Since the dog is man's best friend he deserves a Christmas present. Here are some suggestions.



Photo by Ylla



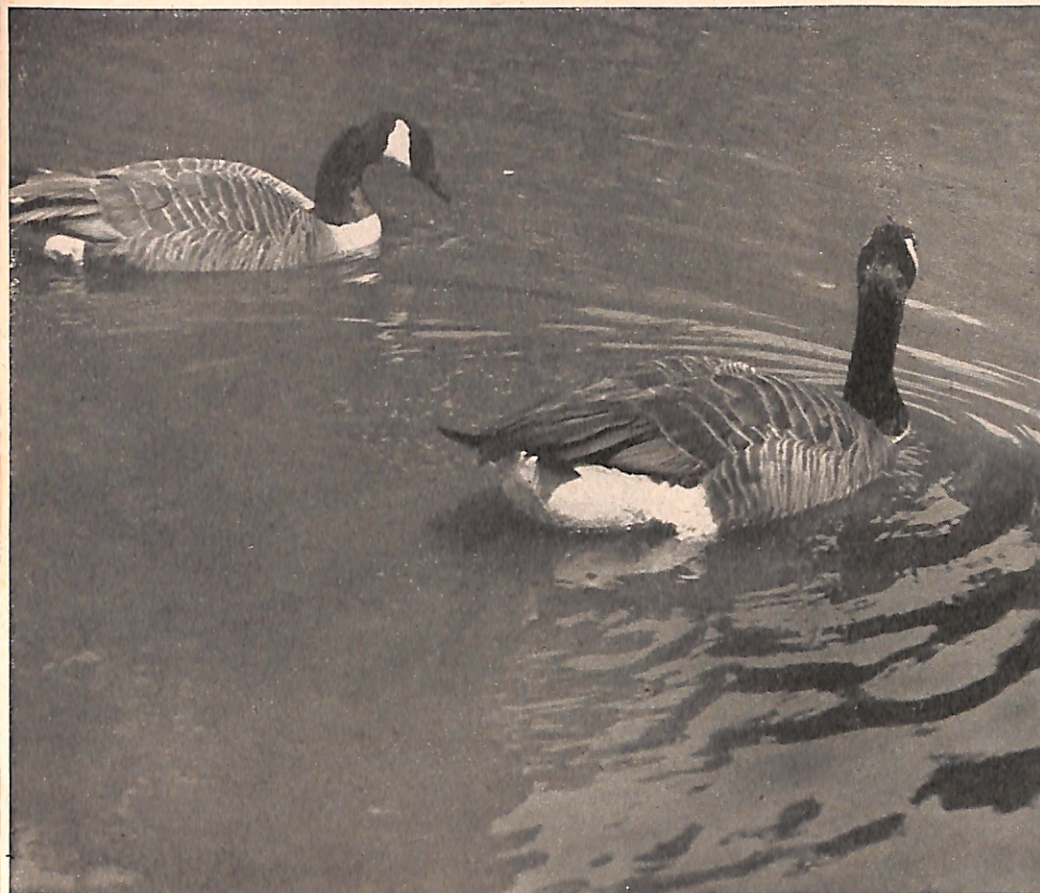
WELL, my calendar has done it again—shed all its leaves but one and December stares me in the face. Now, I've never been one to bemoan the passing of time, and the fact that another year is

around the corner doesn't see me sending for sackcloth and ashes. A few more grey hairs added to those I have won't be any more noticeable than a handful of snowflakes on a white rabbit. It seems to me that most people who can remember back to the time when all a President of this country had to do was lay a few

cornerstones—and occasionally an egg or two—have sold themselves a bill of goods on youth. I may be wrong, but my own experience, and that of some few I know, leads to a consensus that youth is a heap overrated. So what of it, if another year is laid in lavender? The only resolution I'll hand in about December is that it brings Christmas, the finest, happiest holiday in all the year. If I'm wrong, then the immortal "Christmas Carol" written by Charles Dickens nearly a hundred years ago is a literary swindle. And so to you who have patiently read these sermons from month to month or you who may be just beginning—a happy Christmas. Let me extend this to your dogs as well. Now, I don't know whether the family purp knows when it is Christmas but I have seen many

a one that did seem to know when his folks were having a particularly happy time. Yes, I've seen Fido get right into the spirit of the occasion, frisking, yapping and generally clowning around. As you who have followed this department may have noticed, it never gets sentimental about the pooch. True, I have in some few instances dealt with the misfortunes of certain dogs. I mention this because what follows may lead you to believe that I've joined the "Oos itty doggie is oo?" school. Not so. The intention here is to discuss your dog in relation to Christmas and, in that, there's nothing particularly sentimental but only, for some, a matter of pure fun. So here goes—how about a Christmas tree for your dog? Silly? Of course.

(Continued on page 53)



Graf from Atlas Photos

course in Quebec. "Mouche is not of those breeds. Presently you will see. Come, we will call Mouche from beneath la cabane."

But it developed that Mouche was reluctant to show himself. Kind words failed to budge him from his shadowy retreat, but a ham sandwich finally lured him out part way.

"Viens, my lovely one," pleaded the guide. "Take the savory sandwich from the hand of the hunter American, who loves dogs."

It's said that first impressions are lasting, and my first impression of Mouche was that a charge of chilled 2s, applied at five-yard range, would have saved a lot of dog food for a more worthy animal. The mutt's greeting was a snarl and the accompanying dental display somehow reminiscent of a sleeping alligator. Mouche grabbed the sandwich with a snap which failed to include my hand at the wrist only by a miracle. And with that he whipped beneath the cabin again.

"He is timid," explained the guide with a bland smile. "Always before strangers he is timid."

"You mean timid like a wolf?"

"Non, non, non!" replied the dog's owner. "Like a little child."

"Nuts!" I answered. "But any-



EVERY man has his little eccentricities and perhaps the same goes for dogs. Or maybe it's just that your agent is forever meeting up with eccentric pooches in his powder-

burning rambles. Last season it was Mouche; two months ago, Toutou. But let's begin at the beginning. . .

Trace the St. Lawrence River on a map and about midway between Montreal and Quebec you'll note an enlargement named Lac St. Pierre. On and around it is to be found some of the best duck shooting in the northeast—provided, of course, you know how to go about getting it. There's superb shooting on the lake's open waters from a Canuck version of the American sinkbox—legal in those parts—and in the late afternoon there's snappy pass shooting at incoming blacks in the marshes. For this last game, however, a retriever is almost a necessity, and that's where Mouche and Toutou entered the picture.

I first made Mouche's acquaintance shortly after put-putting back from the lake in the guide's alleged power boat early one September afternoon. Gunning hadn't been particularly good that morning and the guide was anxious to recoup a poor day's sport.

"This evening," he remarked as we landed before his cabin, "we will

Rod AND Gun

By Ray Trullinger

Mr. Trullinger has just returned from a disastrous encounter with ducks and dogs. This is his side of the story.

take Mouche into the marsh and we will keel those black duck like mad."

"Mouche?" I repeated. "Who is this Mouche?"

"Mouche," he answered, "is my dog. *Un chien de chasse*. I haf navaire lost those duck with Mouche. Always he find those—what you call 'em—those wounded one?"

"Cripples?"

"Always he find. Navaire lose."

"A Chesapeake or perhaps a Labrador?"

"Oh, non, non, non!" replied the guide, three nons being par for the

way, be ready to start for the marsh at four o'clock. And that Bengal tiger of yours had better be a duck retriever."

"You will see," promised the guide. "He is a hunting dog of superior quality."

Later it developed the guide was right. Mouche was a superb hunting dog. A frog hunting dog, to be specific. There were at least two million frogs along that swampy four-mile trek to the marshes, and Mouche slaughtered at least one million before

(Continued on page 45)

Editorial

Christmas 1942

THIS will be a Christmas different from any which have preceded it. Our minds will be divided between loved ones at home and loved ones far from home in the ranks of those fighting for our country. Those at home are being protected against the heartless savagery of our enemies bent on their destruction. Those abroad are giving their all, even risking life itself, that those at home may continue to enjoy life and happiness in this blessed land. Many have died in this horrible conflict, many have been wounded and are now suffering far from home and friends. Many are suffering in prison camps and the end is not yet. What the toll will be no man can tell. It is too awful to contemplate. Those responsible will be called upon to answer before an all-wise and just God. These thoughts take us far from the Christmas spirit, but with that fortitude which must be shared by each we approach this Christmas with prayers on our lips and in our hearts for our loved ones wherever they may be and however they may be situated. In our poor way we can continue to care for those at home, and those abroad we commend to the loving care of an all-wise God of love and mercy.

This Is an All-Out War

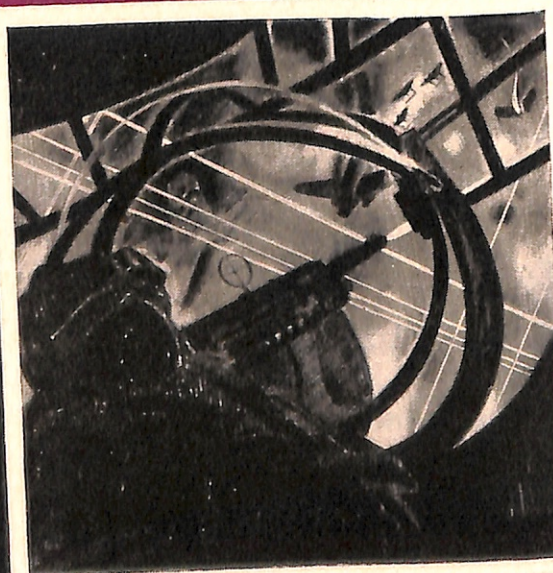
NOTWITHSTANDING all that has been written and all that has been said in public addresses from platforms and over the radio, it may well be doubted that our people are conscious of the fact that we are engaged in

the most heartless and cruel war of all time. It involves practically all peoples and every nation in the world. So far as Elks are concerned, it would seem that the stirring appeals of the Grand Exalted Ruler must have served to bring to each and every member the full realization that this is a war without parallel in history and that civilization is threatened with all that it means to all of us. The time for action is now, not tomorrow or at some future date, and with it comes a renewal of the question as to what we as Elks can do to help win a victory which will result in bringing peace to this disturbed and distracted world.

The Elks War Commission is doing splendid work which is appreciated and gratefully acknowledged by those who are devoting their time and energy to planning and directing those on the many fighting fronts. This is constantly referred to as an all-out conflict, and such it is in fact. This means that every one of us has some duty to perform, something to do which cannot be overlooked or sidestepped if we are to see our arms again triumphant, and this is of greater importance than ever before. Everyone can do something—in fact, must do something to win. There are so many opportunities as to which we are daily advised that it certainly is unnecessary to enumerate them. It is for each Elk to survey the field of opportunity and choose the activity in keeping with his qualifications. This must be left to the individual until the Government may call him to some particular task, but he must not content himself in awaiting the call. Such voluntary service is expected and demanded of all.

When we read of the ordeals to which our boys are giving themselves, the almost unbelievable hardships they are called upon to undergo, and the fortitude, bravery and sheer daring with which they meet them, we certainly must realize how far short we are of accomplishing our full share in this all-out struggle for our very existence, not only as a nation but as free and independent members of society. The patriotic teachings of our Order will serve to strengthen every man, old and young, to meet the demands of this day and hour. We need them and they need us, so let us adopt one way to

Decorations by John J. Floherty, Jr.



help by building up our membership to a point which will make our Order more and more the outstanding patriotic fraternity throughout the length and breadth of our country. Such is only one of a thousand different ways in which we can help to win this war, and one in which we can all-take part. So let each and every one of us get busy, not tomorrow but today, and increase our membership to a million or more intensively patriotic American citizens. Just contemplate what that will mean to the Nation, and to our Order, as well.

The World Series

THE 1942 World Series is over but the scent of remembrance clings to it still and will so continue to cling until all of the sports writers and editors have had their final say as to the contest. We are not hoping or expecting that our wise observations as to the result will entitle us to be set down as an expert on the great national game, but the temptation to comment is irresistible. With all due respect to those who have and may yet express their views, we venture to express the unbiased opinion that it was a case of a good ball team meeting another good team which was a bit better. The result met with almost universal approval on the part of those who love the sport and that includes nearly every American, whether at home or abroad. It was a great Series, full of excitement from start to finish, with the outcome always in doubt until well toward the end of the final game.

Not Too Little or Too Late

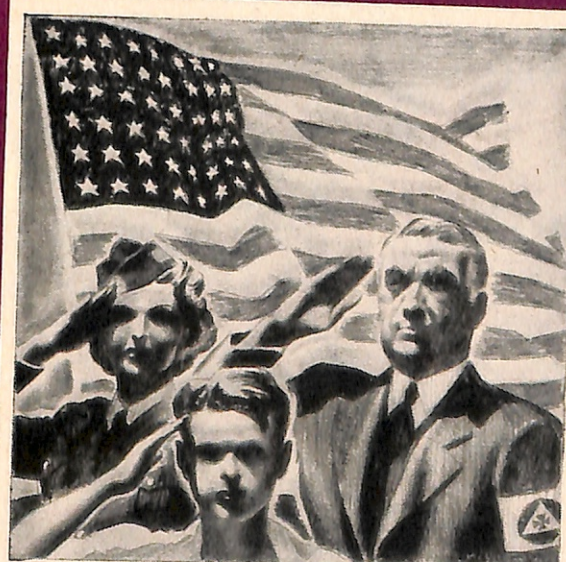
THOSE who attended the Omaha Session of the Grand Lodge will recall the urge to raise \$500,000.00 to carry on our war work and the opposition to the suggestion that this amount should be raised by an assessment upon the members. It was argued that an assessment was not necessary but that the Order would willingly contribute this amount and probably more for this purpose. This statement was en-

thusiastically acclaimed. It is now up to the subordinate lodges to make good that promise. There is no doubt that the suggested amount is necessary properly to meet the demand. It represents a fraction of what the Order did in the first World War, which was far less important than the one in which we are now engaged. It is less than one dollar on each of our members. No one should hesitate to make so small a contribution. Many lodges have contributed their share and some have contributed more. No member will want to see his lodge fail to appear on the honor roll. Let the response be prompt and not "too little or too late".

Display the Flag

AN ENTHUSIASTIC member of the Order returning from a journey which he describes as extending through the "eastern district" of the country, complains that he visited several lodges which did not display the American Flag and requests that we write a pointed editorial calling them to account for this dereliction. We gladly comply but we do not think that a "pointed" editorial is necessary for we are of the opinion that this oversight is due merely to negligence and must not be accepted as a lack of patriotic sentiment on the part of the members. However, it tends to cast reflection on the lodges which thus fail to comply with a long-established custom.

Ours is an American Order and the display of the Flag is not only in keeping with the patriotism which we teach but becomes a duty in these days of uncertainty and unrest when everything the Flag represents is placed in jeopardy. All lodges pay respect to the Flag during lodge meetings and many perhaps think this is all that is necessary. The importance of displaying the Flag in public should not be overlooked and we hope that those lodges which are not conforming to this practice will make the necessary arrangements so that the American Flag will hang in every lodge room throughout the length and breadth of the Nation.



"G" Boxes, have
or non Elk.
Bill

It's sad
back home
forgotten us.

finest things we are
men in the service.

Eddy.

"G" Boxes created
every man.

Audy.

those little
still thinking
of us —

From Beatrice Lodge No. 619 B.P.O. ELKS
Beatrice, Nebraska

Elks "G" Box
To Wt. William I. Davison
U.S. Army Air Corps
San Bernardino Cal.

see
Tied.

lost
be
derful
retter
Mac

really make us
d to be Elks.
Jack

The expressions of thanks reproduced on this page are excerpts from letters from our members in the armed forces who have received "G" Boxes from their home lodges. Thousands of letters have come in . . . and could they be read by every Elk at home, more and more "G" Boxes would gladden the hearts of our boys in uniform and constantly swell the total of the more than 40,000 already mailed.

It's a grand gift—a grand gesture, Brother Elks!

ELKS WAR COMMISSION

THE ELKS IN THE WAR

Brookline Elk, Lieut. John King, Jr., Receives Medal for Heroism

Lieutenant John H. King, Jr., of the U. S. Marine Corps, a member of Brookline, Mass., Lodge, No. 886, and a son of P.E.R. John H. King, has been awarded the Distinguished Service Medal by the Navy. Credit was given him for shooting down the first Japanese plane in the Battle of the Solomon Islands. Lieutenant King was one of the two officers who led the group of U. S. Marine Corps fighting planes that downed 21 Japanese Zeros and bombers in a heavy daylight raid. The American fliers were protecting Guadalcanal Airport against an attack by the Japanese in the attempt to knock out the base. His was the first hit in the first run of the combat.

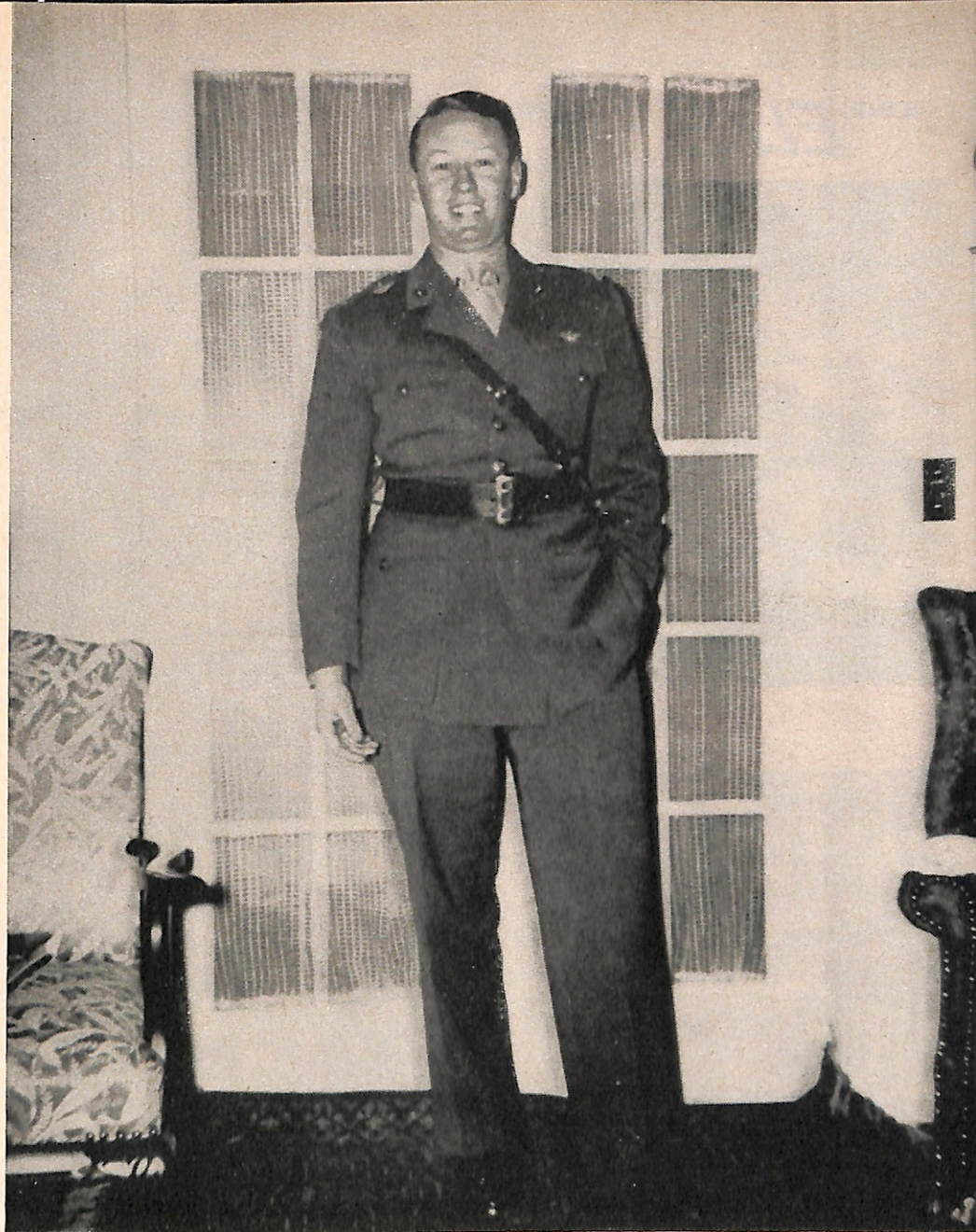
Lieutenant King scored a second victory when he downed a Zero fighter. In another raid, he shot down a Japanese twin-engine bomber, returning to his base with his plane full of holes and the tail controls ripped by explosive shells. He was, however, shot down later in the battle, but after four days, drifting in a rubber boat, he was picked up by a destroyer. Then he went back to fighting.

Lieutenant King is well known in New England as a fine all-round athlete. For four years he was a star basketball player at Boston University where he graduated in 1940 after studying at the School of Education, intending to become a teacher. He was president of his class in his junior year. In his senior year he was president of Scarlet Key, one of the highest and most coveted honors at the University, awarded only

to outstanding students and extra curricular activity participants. About a year ago, he entered active service, having completed the advanced aircraft carrier training course at the naval air station at Pensacola, Fla. He was graduated among the top men in his group. He was given a short furlough, during which he visited his family in Brookline. He was then assigned to active duty as an aviator with one of the aircraft squadrons of the Marine Corps.

Above is Lt. John H. King who was recently awarded the Distinguished Service Medal by the Navy for his conduct in the Battle of the Solomon Islands. Lt. King shot down the first Japanese plane in that epic engagement.

Below is the \$2,000 fully-equipped mobile canteen presented to the Elizabethtown Chapter of the American Red Cross by Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge.



THE ELKS IN THE WAR



Left is the "Victory Hut", constructed by members of the Drill Team of Charleston, W. Va., Lodge at one of the busiest intersections of the city, for the sale of war bonds and stamps.

Right are members of the Elks War Commission of Washington, D. C., Lodge with the Earle Theatre Roxettes who recently aided members of Washington Lodge to sell many thousand dollars worth of war bonds when local Elks sold bonds at 35 Washington theatres.



Right is Willimantic, Conn., Lodge's "Liberty Cottage" where local Elks sold more than \$25,000 in war bonds and stamps during the recent "Elks Charity Country Fair". Proceeds of the Fair go to the Charity and Community Welfare Committee.





Left is Barbara Stanwyck, the lovely film actress, in company with other motion picture stars who participated actively in a gala program on "Glendale War Bond Day." Members of Glendale, Calif., Lodge, dressed as Commandos, worked hard for the program.



Above is a general view of the dancing which is in progress every Saturday evening when Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge entertains over 200 men from all branches of the Service, including all the United Nations. The boys are allowed to bring their own partners.



Below are twenty-nine young men, shown as they enlisted in the Naval Aviation Cadet Service at the home of Hackensack, N. J., Lodge. The Lodge has been designated as the Bergen County office of the Naval Aviation Cadet Selection Board and Chairman William L. Seubert, of the Lodge's War Commission, has been named as Recruiting Officer.



THE **ELKS** IN THE **WAR**

THE *ELKS* IN THE *WAR*



Left is a scene at the dedication of the Elks Fraternal Center at El Reno, Okla., Lodge at the time when Brigadier General George Ade Davis, Adjutant General of the State of Oklahoma, was speaking. Also shown are Grand Treasurer George M. McLean and D.D. R. M. Mallonee.



Above is a photograph of a group of boys in whom the members of Waterloo, Ia., Lodge are deeply interested. The Lodge was instrumental in recruiting them for the Naval Aviation Cadet Selection Board. Each member of the Lodge was made an official recruiter.

Below are women volunteers who have made a notable success of the Soldiers' Canteen maintained by Harrisburg, Pa., Lodge. All the volunteers are ladies of the Elks.





Above are members of the Alabama State Elks Assn. who were present at the mid-year meeting of that Association in Birmingham.

Meeting of Alabama State Elks At Birmingham Is Successful

Fifty-nine delegates, representing 12 of Alabama's 16 lodges, met at Birmingham on September 13 for the midterm session of the Alabama State Elks As-

sociation. Reports made by the committee chairmen showed progress among the lodges throughout the State. Huntsville Lodge No. 1648 was elected a member of the State Association which now has a 100 per cent membership.

D.D. Gilbert R. Mayer, of Sheffield

Lodge, gave an instructive talk and State President Harry K. Reid, of Birmingham, announced that a beautiful silver cup would be awarded the winning ritualistic team at the annual convention of the State Association at Cullman in May. It was also announced that the Joe Buch Plaque had been presented by the Association to Mobile Lodge No. 103 for distinguished service in crippled children work. Under the direction of Clarence Hiltbruner, of Birmingham Lodge, Secretary-Treasurer of the State Elks Crippled Children Committee, a delicious luncheon was served, with the State Association acting as host.

CALIFORNIA

The 28th Annual Convention of the California State Elks Association was held in the city of Fresno on September 24-25-26. President Donald K. Quayle, of Alameda Lodge, presided at all of the business sessions, the first of which was opened at 10 a.m. on Thursday the 24th. Reports of the various standing committees and sectional officers showed that during the past year a great deal of constructive work had been accomplished in carrying out the Grand Lodge program, with special attention being given Flying Cadet Classes and sponsorship of student contests for Elks National Foundation scholarship awards. Past State President Fred B. Mellmann, of Oakland Lodge, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, was the speaker of the day.

On Thursday evening at nine o'clock, the annual Memorial Services were held in the convention hall. Past President L. A. Lewis, a former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, had made arrangements for the beautiful

(Continued on page 48)

Left are the new officers of the Pennsylvania State Elks Assn. who were elected recently at the Association's Annual Convention.

News of The state associations





Above: Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan is photographed with officers of Frostburg, Md., Lodge when he recently paid a visit there.

GRAND Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan was met at Cumberland, Md., on Friday, September 11, by a committee of Elks and escorted to Frostburg. There he was introduced to a class of 25 aviation cadets who had taken their refresher courses in a class sponsored by Frostburg, Md., Lodge, No. 470. Mr. Sullivan spoke that evening at the lodge meeting.

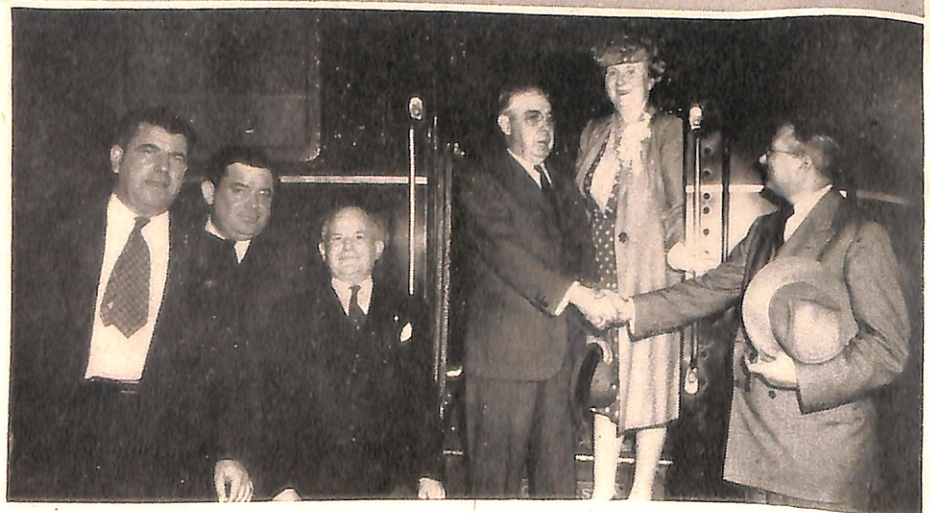
On Saturday, the Grand Exalted Ruler attended a conference at the Biltmore Hotel in New York City of Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of all the lodges of lower New York State. The conference was arranged by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge. Mr. Sullivan presented his program for the year and spoke on the duties of the two officer groups. That afternoon, accompanied by Judge Hallinan, the Grand Exalted Ruler left for Oneida, N. Y. On Sunday, Mr. Sullivan and Judge Hallinan addressed a conference of Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of lodges of northern and western New York. The meeting was held in the lodge room of Oneida Lodge No. 767.

Accompanied by Mrs. Sullivan, the Grand Exalted Ruler left Boston, his home city, on September 14, for a trip west. They were joined in Chicago by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin, of Napa, Calif., Lodge, and the journey was continued, with Minneapolis, Minn., their destination. The party arrived in Minneapolis on Wednesday afternoon, September 16. With police escort, Mr. Sullivan was taken to Radio Station KSTP where he made a fifteen-minute broadcast, explaining the program of the Elks War Commission and describing the fine work the lodges of the Order are doing in all sections of the country. While Mrs. Sullivan was being entertained by a committee of ladies, Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Benjamin were driven about the city and taken on an inspection trip to Fort Snelling where they were received by Colonel H. Kealy who told of the wonderful work the Minnesota State Elks Association is doing at the induction center. After a banquet at the Hotel Raddisson in

Minneapolis, at which Governor Harold Stassen gave the welcoming address, the Elks repaired to the home of Minneapolis Lodge No. 44 where a regular meeting was held and 30 new members were initiated. Two Past Grand Exalted Rulers, Mr. Benjamin and James G. McFarland, of Watertown, S. D., Lodge, were present. J. Ford Zietlow, Aberdeen, S. D., former Chairman of

the Board of Grand Trustees, the two District Deputies of the State of Minnesota, Charles L. Kiesner, Owatonna, and J. J. Nolan, Brainerd, State President William P. Faley, St. Paul, P.D.D. Lowell J. Grady, Crookston, Minn., and Charles F. Halbkat, Watertown, S. D., attended the meeting. Mr. Zietlow spoke as a representative of the Elks War Commission, and the Grand Exalted Ruler

Grand Exalted Rulers' visits



Right: Mr. Sullivan is shown as he arrived in St. Louis, Mo., with Mrs. Sullivan to pay his official respects to that Lodge.



Above: The Grand Exalted Ruler is shown with officials of Greeley and Denver, Colo., Lodges when he paid a recent visit to Greeley Lodge. At Mr. Sullivan's right stands Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen.

delivered an address. Representatives of several lodges were present with checks representing their lodges' voluntary contributions to the \$500,000 War Fund created and administered by the Elks War Commission. These checks represented a total of nearly \$4,000.

Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Sullivan, Mr. Benjamin and Mr. Zietlow left for Butte, Mont., on September 17. When the train stopped at Aberdeen, the home of Mr. Zietlow, E.R. Bart E. Archer and a large committee of members of Aberdeen Lodge No. 1046, with their wives, greeted the party. The Grand Exalted Ruler and those accompanying him arrived in Butte at noon on September 18. Here they were entertained elaborately by the members of Butte Lodge No. 240 and shown about the city by a committee headed by E.R. L. P. Schmid, and P.E.R. James T. Finlen, Jr., P.D.D., of Butte Lodge, and P.D.D. George E. Hackett, of Anaconda, visiting many of the mining properties and operations for which Butte is famous and being delightfully entertained by Dan Kelley, Vice-Presi-

dent of the Anaconda Mining Company. Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Frank R. Venable, of Butte Lodge, State President James F. Higgins, Helena, D.D.'s Truman G. Bradford, Great Falls, and Leo C. Musburger, Virginia City, were among the distinguished Montana Elks who figured prominently in the festivities incident to the Grand Exalted Ruler's visitation. That evening Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Benjamin and Mr. Zietlow attended a meeting of Butte Lodge and here again Mr. Zietlow received numerous contributions from the local lodge and neighboring lodges for the Elks War Commission Fund.

On Saturday the 19th, the Grand Exalted Ruler's party left for Seattle, Wash., arriving the next morning. There they were met by Past Grand Esteemed

Leading Knight John E. Drummey, P.E.R., and Major Robert M. Watkins, E.R., of Seattle Lodge No. 92, and joined by Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, of Daytona Beach, Fla., Lodge, who was in Seattle at the time. In the afternoon the entire party attended the dedication and unveiling of a monument erected by the Grand Lodge at Washelli Cemetery in memory of the late Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier, P.E.R. of Seattle Lodge. An eloquent eulogy and dedicatory address was delivered during the ceremonies by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Sholtz. Both Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Benjamin delivered short personal tributes to Mr. Meier's memory.

That afternoon, accompanied by an escort which included Frank J. Loneragan, P.E.R. of Portland Lodge and former Chief Justice of the Grand Forum, and Emmett T. Anderson, Tacoma, a member of the Elks War Commission, the party left by automobile for Tacoma where that evening they were honor guests at a dinner given by E.R. C. J. Weller, of Tacoma Lodge No. 174, and Mrs. Weller. While in Tacoma, the Grand Exalted Ruler's party was shown about the city and a visit was made to Friendship Garden, the home of Walter

(Continued on page 49)

Left: Governor Harold E. Stassen, of Minnesota, welcomes Mr. Sullivan to Minneapolis. At Governor Stassen's left stands Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin.

Below: Mr. Sullivan and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Benjamin, standing in the rear, are shown with officers of Butte, Mont., Lodge at a State-wide Montana meeting. Representing the Elks War Commission is J. Ford Zietlow, second from left in first row.





Above are Navy officials and members of Glendale, Calif., Lodge who were present at the Lodge's celebration of Navy Day. On display was a collection of miniature warships built by a local member.

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Glendive, Mont., Elks Play Star Part in Local Scrap Iron Drive

Glendive, Mont., Lodge, No. 1324, rang the bell in the local scrap iron drive to the tune of \$520. E.R. R. J. Statham appointed two captains to handle the collection, Noel Carrico for the northern part of the city and Pat Taugher for the south side. All members of the lodge acted on the general committee and canvassed the homes in their respective localities.

The scrap was piled in alleys and on the appointed day it was collected by trucks. Sixty-five tons were collected and shipped east for processing. Funds realized were distributed by the lodge officers as follows: \$300 to the United Service Organization, \$200 to Navy Relief, and \$20 to the Dawson County Defense and Advisory Council.

Death Deprives Albuquerque Lodge of Faithful Secretary

P.E.R. Orville A. Matson, Secretary of Albuquerque, N. M., Lodge, No. 461, since 1933, passed away on September 19. Funeral services were held on the following Monday with the Right Reverend Douglas Matthews, Dean of St. John's Episcopal Cathedral, and members of Albuquerque Lodge of Elks officiating.

Right: The Secretary and Est. Leading Knight of San Luis Obispo, Calif., Lodge are shown with part of the blood bank which is held in readiness for Miss Agnes Clancy, Superintendent of San Luis Obispo General Hospital.

Mr. Matson was born in North Adams, Mass., but for 47 years he had been a resident of Albuquerque. For more than 20 years he operated the largest book

store in New Mexico. As manager of the old Elks' Opera House, he made many friends in the theatrical profession. He was State Treasurer in 1922-23.

Under the antlers



Right are the Secretary and Exalted Ruler of New Kensington, Pa., Lodge, shown with the hospital-size electric ice box which the Lodge presented to the Citizens General Hospital.

Below, right, are the Secretary of Lamar, Colo., Lodge and his wife with a number of other Elks' ladies doing war work in the gauze and surgical-dressing room allotted to the Red Cross by the Lodge.

Notice Regarding Applications For Residence At Elks National Home

The Board of Grand Trustees reports that there are several rooms at the Elks National Home awaiting applications from members qualified for admission. Applications will be considered in the order in which received.

For full information, write Robert A. Scott, Superintendent, Elks National Home, Bedford, Va.

The Navy Examines 154 Young Men at Home of Fargo Lodge

An intensive drive in North Dakota for U.S. Navy recruits ended on September 21 when 154 young men assembled at the home of Fargo, N. D., Lodge, No. 260, to take physical and classification tests for the Air Corps and general naval duty. Fifteen were accepted for the Air Corps. Seventeen were temporarily disqualified. Thirty-three enlisted in the Navy. Indications pointed to 20 more enlistments within the month. Men who passed the preliminary Air Corps examinations were sent to Minneapolis for final tests and enlistments. Several Minnesota cities sent applicants even though the drive had not been extended across the Red River.

Fargo Lodge bore all of the costs, furnished transportation, served meals to the applicants and provided lodging for those who had to stay overnight. Navy officers praised the lodge highly and pronounced its aid invaluable. State President Sam Stern, P.E.R. of No. 260, stated that the Elks would continue

Right is the champion bowling team of Oregon City, Ore., Lodge which has enjoyed a very successful season.

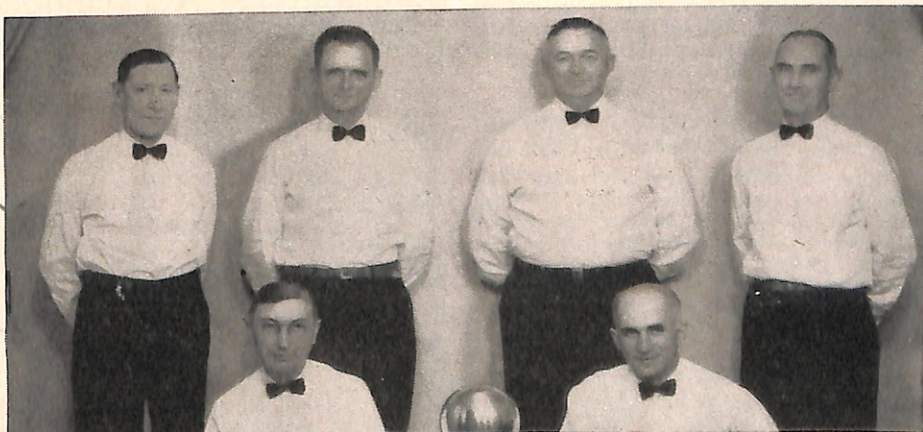
Below are applicants who passed the preliminary test for enlistment in the U. S. Navy recently in a local examination conducted by Minot, N. D., Lodge.



their assistance to the Navy and that the drive had been placed on a duration basis. Walter P. Christensen, Chairman of the Fargo Elks War Committee, was in charge of the "crew" of members who assisted the Navy officers, together with Gervais Manning, of Dickinson, Chairman of the War Committee of the N. D. State Elks Association.

Lamar, Colo., Elks Donate Space For a Red Cross Gauze Room

Early in the Fall, Lamar, Colo., Lodge, No. 1319, turned over to the Prowers County Red Cross a special room in the lodge home to be used as a gauze room. Surgical dressings made there for the United States government are for use in





Above is a picture taken at a meeting held during the 23rd Annual District Deputies Conference recently at Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge. Among those shown are Past Grand Exalted Rulers Henry C. Warner, Floyd E. Thompson and J. Edgar Masters; Grand Trustee Joseph B. Kyle, and Robert A. Scott, Superintendent of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va.

Right is the softball team of San Diego, Calif., Lodge which won the State championship for three consecutive years.



our army and navy hospitals throughout the world. The room is open four days every week. As the volunteer workers do not wear their street clothes in the gauze room, extra space has been set aside for a dressing room.

At an all-day meeting of the Midwestern Area American Red Cross Institutes held at the home of Lamar Lodge, individual groups discussed the various branches of service in which they are engaged. Four counties were represented. P.E.R. O. H. Rhodenbaugh, Chairman of the Prowers County Red Cross and Secretary of the lodge, called the meeting to order. Luncheon was served in the Elks' dining room.

Prominent Elks Attend Initiatory Meeting at Wilkinsburg, Penna.

Many distinguished Pennsylvania Elks attended the regular meeting of Wilkinsburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 577, on September 16. Among those present were Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, of Charleroi Lodge, Past President John F. Nugent, Braddock, Treasurer C. S. Brown, Allegheny, Trustee John T.

Members in our armed forces are urged to keep both the Secretary of their lodge and the Magazine office informed of their correct address.

To avoid the delay and the extra expense to your family of having your Magazine forwarded from your home, send us your address for direct mailing, together with lodge number, old address and, if convenient, member's number.

Lyons, Sharon, and District Vice-President C. E. Thompson, Etna, representing the Pa. State Elks Assn.; District Deputy W. C. Westcoat, Brownsville, and P.D.D.'s John F. Lowers, Braddock, Lee A. Donaldson, Etna, George H. Wilson, Homestead, Ross S. Wilson, Braddock, and James M. Kelly, Sheraden, all of

whom addressed the lodge. About forty other visitors from lodges in the Southwest District were present.

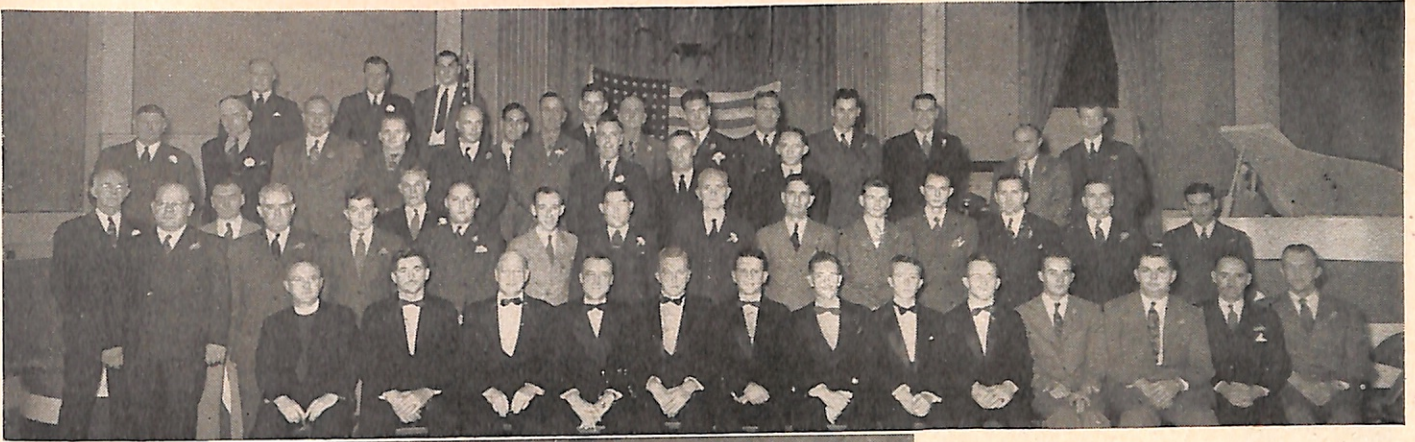
Initiatory ceremonies were held during the meeting with State Vice-President Ralph C. Robinson, P.E.R. of Wilkinsburg Lodge presiding as Exalted Ruler. Mr. Robinson's three sons, Ralph C., Jr., Harry F. and Richard B., were initiated. Richard Robinson, the youngest son, left the next day for service in the U.S. Air Corps. Also initiated that evening were a father and his son whose applications were secured by Mr. Robinson, Sr. A fine dinner was served by the lodge after the meeting.

Children and Adults Enjoy Outing Given by Hillsdale, Mich., Elks

Hillsdale, Mich., Lodge, No. 1575, held its sixth annual Community Day this year at the Hillsdale Fair Grounds. Featured on the program was an Old Timers Baseball Game in which many former stars took part, the oldest being

Below: Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan is shown with graduates of the third Refresher Class sent out by Frostburg, Md., Lodge.





Above is a class of candidates recently initiated into Fort Madison, Ia., Lodge, shown with Lodge officers.



Left: Harry A. Sharpe presents on behalf of the Green Bay, Wis., Lodge Scholarship Committee a \$100 "Most Valuable Student" Award to Eunice Charles of Green Bay, and a \$100 State scholarship award to Roland Hershman as part of the Wisconsin State Elks Association's activities.

66 years of age. Prizes were given for the longest hit and the first run and to the oldest player. A baton twirling contest was put on, with 18 entries and prizes for all. While the American Flag was being raised and the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag was being given by the huge crowd in attendance, the baton twirlers stood in "V" formation.

One hundred and fifty children participated in a pet and bike parade. Every child received a money prize and a ticket for ice cream. The Elks provided red, white and blue decorations. A "chicken scramble" and two bike races, with chickens as prizes, concluded the program. P.E.R. W. E. Davis was General Chairman.



Left: Miss Geraldine Weed receives the Elks National Foundation's third scholarship award of \$400 at La-conia, N. H., Lodge.

Below: Past Grand Exalted Ruler William H. Atwell and State Pres. Frank Holaday are shown with officers of Dallas, Tex., Lodge at a recent meeting when these distinguished Elks spoke.





Above are the speakers who attended the Fall Conference of the Illinois State Elks Assn. at Lincoln, Ill. Shown among those standing are Past Grand Exalted Rulers Bruce A. Campbell and Henry C. Warner.

Right is the champion Ritualistic Team of the Colorado State Elks Assn., photographed at Grand Junction, Colo.



St. Joseph, Mo., Lodge Makes Contributions to War Effort

St. Joseph, Mo., Lodge, No. 40, entertained 125 privates and noncommissioned men from Camp Petree on September 8. A six-act floor show was presented and refreshments were served.

The affair was one of many on a program of activities planned by the lodge as a means of building and maintaining morale in the war effort. In recent months, St. Joseph Lodge has purchased \$37,000 worth of War Bonds.

a few months would be stationed at the Army Air Force training school under construction east of the city.

The lodge also approved plans on several other important matters dealing with the war effort, and at that particular time invested \$700 in War Bonds.

To assist the Navy Recruiting Service,

the members turned over their lodge room on October 6 for the showing of a naval motion picture. All young men interested in naval enlistment were invited to attend and to bring their fathers with them. It was announced some time ago that preparations were practically completed for the sending of "G" Boxes.

Altus, Okla., Lodge Approves Plans Dealing with War Effort

Altus, Okla., Lodge, No. 1226, turned its attention early in the Fall to the opening of an Elks Fraternal Center at Altus. Plans were made to provide entertainment for service men who within

Right: E.R. Les Critzer, with members of the Girls' Committee in charge of the weekly dances at Fort George Wright, the costs of which are underwritten by Spokane, Wash., Lodge.

Below: Officers and members of Livingston, Mont., Lodge burn the mortgage on their Lodge home on its Fiftieth Anniversary.



Japanese Zombies

(Continued from page 7)

correspondent, had a supply of Japanese sweaters. I was advised that if I spent a full winter up there, I'd better get a good overcoat—not at the stores, the writers emphasized, but from the foreign office spokesman of the Chinese government. My trench coat was unsatisfactory against the dampness and occasional sweeps of biting cold winds coming in from Russian territory.

So, for an overcoat.

Imagine, if you can, the foreign correspondents in London at press conferences dressed in Nazi uniforms with German pistols and swords. Some might even be wearing official insignia or the epaulets of an officer!

In Chungking, the well-dressed foreign correspondent wears a Japanese officer's coat, carries a Jap-made pistol and is the possessor of a choice samurai sword.

I asked how soon I could get an overcoat, and possibly a helmet and a gun. The spokesman looked at his war map and replied, with that Chinese smile and expression of satisfaction, "Can do, in about a week or ten days. And you can have the prisoner with the coat!"

Months later I was being tried in a Japanese court martial for having written of my experiences in visiting Jap prisoners in China. The judge, the prosecutor and the military were indignant. They would not believe my story. They did not question their government's contention that a Japanese never surrenders. For that contact with Jap prisoners, I was sentenced to a month in prison, and for other stories of Japan's military operations in China, I was given five months, a total of half a year "for libeling the Japanese army. Soldiers of the Emperor are the men of our God. Those men you saw in a Chinese prison camp were Chinese dressed like Japanese. The Chinese were dealing you a propaganda trick. The letters which the men gave you to bring to their families—they were false"

THE court verdict was substantially the same as the answer given to Ambassador Grew when he sought to inform a family that the father or son was a prisoner. Officially, the captured are dead.

There is such a difference in the ideologies and customs of the Japanese, and I know their military mind sufficiently to assert that Japan will not arrive at a mutual understanding in the present day treatment of prisoners—civilian or military. The Jap military caste despises the foreigner. The Kwantung clique, the Araki faction, or the Yamashita gang will disregard humanitarian principles. If we interned a hundred thousand Japanese, and used the figure as a basis for reciprocity, exchange or retaliation, I venture the action

would not affect the Japanese government, for its military members are cold, cruel and irreconcilable to any preachments of internationalism. They do not expect us to resort to Nazi shackling or Axis torture terrors, and if we did, Tokyo's leaders would continue to act autonomously, irrespective of neutral intermediaries or diplomatic promises. The Japanese are a suspicious people, untrustworthy and unmitigated liars. They are determined to carry their mission of brutality to every zone of the Pacific basin. They will give no quarter to protest or requests on prisoner dealings.

THE Japanese hatred of Occidentals is intense. The peasant infantryman from the rice fields and the samurai officer have been whipped into a mythological spirit of bushido. They prefer death in action to capture. In successes, they practice treachery. Intellectually the Japanese remains in the days of the fifteenth century when the chief teachings were sword fighting, torture and loyalty to the emperor. Today's men and officers are direct descendants of those professional fighters.

Now that we are in a war with Japan, the prisoner problem comes home. Unless you have experienced Japanese methods, it is difficult for the civilized mind to imagine how unbearable the Japs can be in dealing with captives. Isolated instances will occur where the Japanese are lenient. A woman in Troy, N. Y., the other day, was at the point of debating me on Japanese treatment of Americans in China. Her husband, she explained, had been brought from Canton, in South China, to Shanghai, where he is operating his mission station unmolested. Some 200 Marine corps men are held in Peking. Reports by those who come from there state they are faring better than most prisoners of war. Considerable freedom of activity is vouched for regarding many American missionaries and business men in Shanghai. Several American religious workers preferred to remain in Japan than return home on the repatriation ship. Forty Maryknoll Fathers chose to stay in Hongkong, the city of unlimited atrocities on civilians.

The gloomier picture, however—once you get the whole situation in focus—will reveal the startling condition of 2700 Hong Kong civilians interned in two different prisons. Husbands are separated from wives. Children suffer from lack of milk and dairy products. Between 800 and 900 former members of the Texas National Guard are held in Java. Filipinos are being executed. Prisoner survivors of the cruiser *Houston* are beaten with ropes. Somewhere around 6000 American survivors of Corregidor were marched by their grinning, bayonet-jabbing captors to

Manila, paraded through the streets and then sent on a four-day march to Tarlac province where they are interned in Camp O'Donnell, 65 miles north of Manila. On the march, between 150 and 200 of our men dropped out—exhausted, sick and undernourished after the terrific siege on the peninsula and the fortified island in the bay. In a prison camp in Japan, the men need warm clothing, medicines, books, tobacco and comforts. At Woosung near Shanghai, the prisoners from Guam and Wake fight rats, swat mosquitoes and patch leaky roofs. Up to a hundred thousand fighting men of the United Nations, and millions of natives in occupied lands in the Far East will have no Christmas packages this year. They are prisoners of a nation which knows no Santa Claus and recognizes no international treaty for the welfare of captives. Secretary of State Cordell Hull has urgently requested permission to allow neutral governments to furnish supplementary supplies to civilian internees in Japan, the Philippines and other areas under Jap domination. Similar diplomatic notes, forwarded to Tokyo on July 30, Aug. 29 and Sept. 18, remain unanswered. The State Department emphasizes the difference in dietary habits of Americans as necessitating the distribution of special food and Red Cross medical supplies. The Tokyo government will not permit foodstuffs and clothing under Article 37 of the Geneva Prisoners of War Convention. Technically, the Japs agree, but they invariably provide excuses for not permitting the goods to be transported.

I HAVE in front of me the first photos of the prison camp at Zentsuji, Japan. The Japs boast in their propaganda that the Americans are enjoying sports, walks, sun baths, plenty of food, washrooms and "kind, considerate treatment". The lie is shown in the pictures. One American sailor is cold in his summer whites. Fifteen boys from Wake or Guam "basking in the sun", are scowling at their Japanese guard who stood with bayonet pointed at them as the propaganda picture was snapped. The kitchen is of the type in any familiar scene of John Steinbeck's "Grapes of Wrath". Crude toilets are indoors, without plumbing installations. Toothpaste, medicines, salt, cereals and dairy products are rarities.

I know from a personal experience of 61 days in a Jap prison that one's lot can become unbearable. Dried fish, rice gruel twice a day in dirty pans, seaweed, ground fishbone meal, and a soup made from Mamushi, a poisonous Japanese snake, served for breakfast. The fare results in pleurisy, beri-beri, malnutrition, bad teeth and gums, dysentery,

fatigue, mental collapse and, not infrequently, insanity. A fellow correspondent, James Cox, was held in a cell not high enough for him to stand. He was dropped out the jail window, from the third floor, and picked up, dead. The autopsy showed 22 camphor injections had been made

in an effort to revive him. Of course, he was not included under the protection of the Geneva Convention. Prison suffering is almost worse than death. A few with whom I have spoken, among the repatriates from Hong Kong and Japan, have told me that those who were forced to re-

main asked that this message be spread throughout the United Nations:

"Let everyone know of our suffering. Sometimes we feel nothing could be worse. Death may be a happy release from such torture. Do not fear reprisals. Many of us will die."

The Will of Allah

(Continued from page 15)

monotonous, tireless stride. The sun reached its zenith and the heat grew more intense. The officer cursed the sand that dragged at his feet; he cursed the heat that was like a tangible weight on his shoulders. The black troopers plodded silently behind him.

Ato Aberra said in pure Amharic, "This heat is as a gentle rain to the heat my kinsmen felt as they burned alive at the sack of Addis Ababa. This heat is but a breeze over Lake Tana to the burning, searing fire of the gas dropped from the skies."

The officer staggered up beside him pulling at his shamma. "What is that? What did you say?"

Ato Aberra lifted his arm and pointed forward, saying nothing.

Gradually the country began to change. Endless yellow sand gave way to endless grayish rocks, spotted with a sparse and stunted vegetation. Once they passed the wreckage of a tank, twisted and smashed by gunfire, the ground around it strewn with empty cartridge cases. They wasted no time over it, knowing that nothing of value would remain. At last they came to a low escarpment, and Ato Aberra stopped and pointed again. Then they all saw it. Partially concealed by the overhanging rock was a mound of tins, painted a dull gray, blending with the landscape.

The officer rushed forward with a cry and then stopped abruptly in mid-stride. Ato Aberra crouched on his haunches, his back against a boulder. The officer drew his revolver and slowly returned.

"You go first and pull down those tins. I have seen a booby trap before."

Ato Aberra sat in silence for a full minute. "Consider this," he said, "if this be in truth a trap and I the one to spring it—who then will guide you back? Send these. They are worthless."

THE Italian stared at him impatiently and beat his hand against his thigh. At last he wheeled and croaked an order. The blacks hesitated, murmuring among themselves. The officer screamed abuse at them, brandishing his automatic, until they moved reluctantly toward the tins, each one afraid lest the others lag behind him.

Ato Aberra braced himself against the boulder.

The foremost soldier reached hesitantly for the tins and then withdrew his hand. The officer shouted

and fired a bullet close to the man's heels. The frightened trooper yanked hard at the tins, and the land rocked and lied toward the sky. There was a terrific detonation and the whole escarpment loosened and poured over the three men. The officer was thrown to the ground. Ato Aberra covered his head with his arms against the rain of dirt and small stones.

After a moment he straightened. Where the escarpment had been was now a tangled hill of rubble and debris. The dust cloud still hung in the air and the echoes of the blast still rumbled in his ears.

The officer sat up dazedly. A stone had crushed his kepi and his sun glasses. There was a jagged cut over his eyes from which the blood oozed slowly. His voice when it came was a horrified whisper. "You knew . . . you knew this from the beginning!"

Ato Aberra shrugged. "Such things are the will of Allah."

The officer's lips twisted back from his teeth. He began slowly to lift his gun. Ato Aberra watched him impassively waiting for reason to assert itself. At last the barrel began to waver and he knew that rather than face the desert alone, the Italian would spare his enemy.

"You will take me back," the officer said at last. "There are supplies at the car, and enough water for a week at the least. Our planes go over that route. If they do not see us in the daytime I will light flares at night—and they will come. Yes, you will take me back to the car—and receive your payment. You will see how the Italians pay their debts—and also how they exact payment when it is due. Yes, a hundred times over. If I think you are betraying me, I will shoot."

Ato Aberra nodded. "I will take you back. This I have sworn."

The sun was well down in the sky when they started. The killing heat was less intense, and yet the Italian stumbled many times and Ato Aberra slowed his pace. Once the man fell and Ato Aberra stood patiently by while he struggled to rise. Their progress grew slower and at last, as the swift desert dusk descended, the Italian commanded him to halt.

They rested there, lying in the still warm sand, the officer stretched out across Ato Aberra's legs to insure himself that he would not be deserted.

Ato Aberra watched his efforts to

stay awake and knew they would be futile. When at last he slept heavily Ato Aberra, with infinite care wriggled out from under him.

The Italian whimpered in his sleep and once he cried out. Ato Aberra burrowed in the sand, wrapped his shamma about him and was almost immediately asleep.

HE AWOKE at the first glimmer of dawn and watched the blood red sun come over the rim of the desert. He waited until the sun was well up in the sky before he awoke the Italian.

Before they had trekked two hours the officer fell again. It took him a great while to regain his feet, and when he did he hooked his hand in a fold of Ato Aberra's robe and croaked to him to go on.

Ato Aberra plodded on at a snail's pace, halting whenever the pull of the officer's hand told him to. The sun beat down mercilessly, turning the sand into a sizzling griddle.

It was late afternoon before the Italian fell again. Ato Aberra, relieved from the pull of his hand, walked forward a few paces and squatted in the sand.

Wearily the officer lifted his head.

"Stop! Don't move . . . I will shoot . . ." A look of utter horror spread over his face. Ato Aberra stared at him in puzzlement. Then he drew back his hand and made a throwing motion. The other did not flinch. He stared straight ahead, his eyes fixed and sightless.

Suddenly he screamed. He beat at the sand with his fists.

"It is dark! I cannot see! The sun has blinded me!"

Ato Aberra sat motionless, without sound.

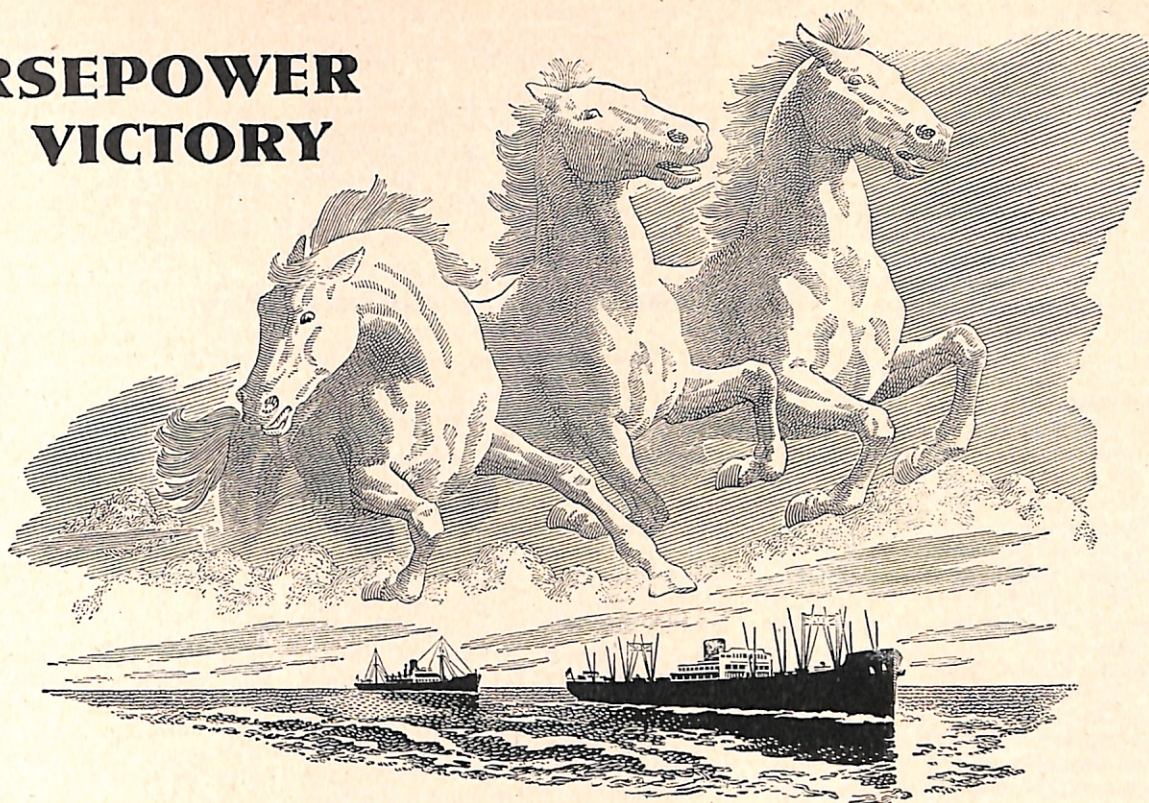
"Come back! You black devil! Come back—or I'll shoot!"

He waited, his head held high, straining to catch some sound.

He screamed again and lifted his automatic. He fired wildly until the hammer clicked on an empty cartridge case. Then his hand dropped to the sand and his body shook with sobs. There was no sound in the desert except the incessant buzzing of the flies and the muffled sobbing of the man. High in the sky a buzzard circled and dropped lower and lower in long lazy spirals until at last it came gently to rest a dozen paces from the two motionless figures. As if at a signal the Italian's hand fumbled at his belt, slowly drew out one of the gleaming brass

(Continued on page 40)

HORSEPOWER FOR VICTORY



The first American-made Diesel engine was built to create more and better power for the brewing of Budweiser. • Adolphus Busch, founder of Anheuser-Busch, acquired the first rights to manufacture this revolutionary engine in America and thus started our great Diesel industry on its way.

He also founded Busch-Sulzer Bros.-Diesel Engine Company which made submarine engines in World War I, and today holds the Navy E Award for excellence in the production of Navy ordnance and Diesel engines essential to the war effort.

Year after year, we have striven with research and resources to better the methods and facilities for brewing Budweiser. To do this, a laboratory specializing in fermentation and nutrition was necessary. Discoveries made in the laboratory and in the plant have led to the development of products contributing to human necessity and progress. Some of these products would appear to have only a remote relationship to brewing, yet, they are the result of scientific research into many allied fields.

Endless research in making the world's leading beer has led to other products

VITAMINS, B COMPLEX—Our plant is one of the world's largest sources for manufacturers of pharmaceutical and food products.

VITAMIN D—Anheuser-Busch produces enough of the basic material for Vitamin D to supply the entire American market.

BAKER'S YEAST—We are one of America's biggest suppliers of standard and enriched yeasts and malt syrup used to make bread.

CORN SYRUP—many millions of pounds annually for America's candy industry.

SYRUPS—for food, table and confectionery uses and special syrups for medicinal purposes.

STARCH—for food, textile, paper and other industries—millions of pounds annually.

VITAMINS FOR LIVESTOCK—We are America's biggest supplier of yeast vitamins used to fortify animal feeds.

REFRIGERATING EQUIPMENT—for retailers of frozen foods and ice cream the country over. This division is now working all-out on glider wing and fuselage assemblies for our Armed Forces.



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A N H E U S E R - B U S C H . . . S A I N T L O U I S

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cartridges, and, with the deftness of long practice, inserted it in the gun.

With a quick gesture he raised it to his temple and pulled the trigger.

There was a startled flapping of wings and the buzzard rose and resumed his circling high in the sky.

Ato Aberra watched impassively

as the body twitched once and then lay still.

"Surely," he said in his soft Amharic, "Allah must have meant this man to die, else He would have permitted him to see that he crossed his own tracks a dozen times."

Wearily he got to his feet and

walked toward the caterpillar car. He took up one of the shining rifles and rubbed his hand over its polished surface. The British would pay in gold for these. Perhaps they would pay for the car as well.

"It is a pity," he said aloud. "The Italians would pay even more."

Greetings on This Happy Day

(Continued from page 19)

of them by hand. They went like the proverbial hot cakes and the greeting card craze soon spread to America.

Part of the success of the American publishers has been due to their ingenuity in concocting cards and sentiments which have a particular American appeal. That, it appears, is merely the quality of being appropriate. Of course, any card that has on it a star, a camel, a Christmas tree, reindeer, snow or the abominable contraction "Xmas" is suitable for December 25th. It presents no serious difficulty. But trying to warm up something which would be just right for Willie's busted leg presents certain esthetic problems. And having something that is just right for Willie's busted leg in the card rack of the local store at the moment the bone snaps is what makes the greeting card business expand and flourish.

The range of commercial greetings is almost fabulous. Every minor as well as major holiday has its card and some have hundreds of different types. There are birthday cards directed to mother, father, son, daughter, my boy, my daughter, Pop, Mom, in every conceivable variation of the family relationship. Also there are cards to hit every birthday from one to twenty-one and all the important breaks, such as twenty-five, thirty and fifty, thereafter. Then there are monthly birthday cards, and cards to smooth things over for those who sadly remember too late what day it was a couple of weeks ago. There is also a card designed to convey appropriate birthday wishes for somebody who is in the hospital or someone who is lonely or someone who is so popular that the sender of the greeting can't get a look-in except by mail. Needless to say, the publishers have successfully met the problem of appropriate wishes for the tender occasion of the birth of a baby. There are cards to be sent to either or both parents from all manner and types of relatives and friends. There are also cards to be sent to the baby itself, presumably to be read to it some years later when the little thing's consciousness has been awakened to the value attached to such sentiments. There are cards for draftees, privates, corporals; for the Army, the Navy, the Marines. One firm which already publishes 5,000 different cards, and presumably could let it go at that, spends most of its time scratch-

ing around for new-fangled ideas.

Greeting card men consider the composition of salable sentimentals a real art. Writers must possess a very special genius to create them. One of the most successful authors gives the rules this way—"A sentiment should be brief," he writes,—"but pithy; simple, yet novel; should avoid trite expressions, yet not indulge in erudition; should eschew subtlety, yet not be childish; it may conceivably be poetry, but must not be poetical; cannot offend, yet must not be too flowery; should not use many words of more than two syllables (with the always honorable exceptions of 'somebody', 'happiness', and 'remember', indispensable to sentiment writing); yet must appeal to many classes of purchasers, including the cultured. Above all—a fact frequently overlooked—a sentiment should express a wish."

With that set of requirements it is no wonder that new ideas don't come easily. Greeting card sentiments, like most literary effort, call for the regulation ten percent inspiration and ninety percent perspiration. The best ones, either novelties or those which sell year after year, are turned out by professionals who compose hundreds of them annually as a means of livelihood. All publishers receive quantities of unsolicited jingles from inspired amateurs hopeful of earning twenty-five or fifty cents a line. Rarely does one of them make the grade. Usually they rival the following seriously submitted effort:

This year has been hard
And many people died,
But a Merry Xmas to you,
And a lovely present beside.

But even with the experts constantly cudgeling their brains for new ideas, the demand for them is greater than the supply. A Michigan man, for example, wanted a card entitled "Thank You for the Blood Transfusion". Another man wanted an appropriate card to send to his ex-wife when he heard that her next marriage had also gone on the rocks. Once, a congratulation on a new baby, was requested, with the special admonition that it must mention the fact that the birth was Caesarian. During the Depression there was a flood of calls for cards expressing "Sympathy on the Closing of Your Bank". There have been requests for "Thank You for Being a Pallbearer".

And there was at least one request for a graduation card for someone who didn't graduate.

Greeting card men like to believe that there is a card somewhere for every purpose. It isn't precisely true, despite their considerable and successful efforts, but nevertheless they have a good story to illustrate their point. During the last days of Prohibition, a prominent bootlegger was sent to jail and one of his bereaved customers wanted to send him a card. The obliging dealer read through myriads of verses which sympathized with victims of everything from broken toes to pink elephants until, almost exhausted, his dull eyes lighted up at the following:

TO A SHUT-IN PAL

I cannot grin my widest grin
When I am out and you are in.
But on the day when you come out
My smile will rival yours, Old Scout!

P.S. He sold the card.

The ideas for Christmas cards which are currently flooding the mails were all worked out back in the summer of 1941, some eighteen months ago. Next year's cards are already in the works. Sample runs are being made and early next year salesmen will begin making their rounds to show them to the trade. By Spring, orders will be in and the main printing will be commenced. It will be over by Summer when the following year's cards will be on the designing boards. Cards for other standard days are run in somewhat the same cycle. The designing of new cards for miscellaneous events which occur throughout the year is a continuous process and requires about a year from drafting board to retail shoppe. The average life of most of the cards is from six to nine months. Some verses last for years, however, and the ownership of these is a major asset to the large publishers.

Millions of Christmas cards are sold each year by housewives, clerks, students who want to earn from \$50 to \$100 extra. In mid-Summer manufacturers place advertisements for such salesmen in big-city newspapers all over the country and sign up thousands. As the profit is about 100 percent, almost any enterprising person can make enough selling cards to cover his entire Christmas expenses.

Occasionally publishers will turn out cards in a hurry so as to profit

from some unusual event. When Lindbergh flew to Paris in 1927 one concern cashed in on a hunch. He took off on a Friday. Saturday morning the designers got busy, plates were made by mid-afternoon and before he got to Le Bourget five thousand cards had been run off. Shipments of the Lindbergh Cards were made by special delivery to leading dealers in the East and Middle West and by Monday morning were put on sale.

When the Coronation of the Prince of Wales as King Edward VIII was planned, a large quantity of clever Bon Voyage cards were printed with his picture on them. They were made useless by his sudden speech of abdication. But one ingenious company quietly covered his picture with one of George VI and used the cards for his coronation. They sold out!

The main problem presented to the card publishers is the male animal and his tendency to consider a day such as his wedding anniversary as just another Thursday. Men don't go for cards; they have to be driven to them. The best driver, it turns out, is a brace of Panama Swizzles with Zombie chasers. Thus fortified, a man will attack a rack of cards from which he previously shied like a startled deer, confident that he will be able to lick the pants off anyone who calls him "Sissy". The possibility of men embracing greeting cards as fervently as women have is one which makes publishers drool.

Males, unfortunately, have the

idea that buying greeting cards is a custom that somehow grows lace on their shorts. The feeling goes deeper than mere avoidance of things sentimental. Successful men—busy men—send plenty of cards. But they have secretaries to keep track of the dates and to buy the cards and mail them out. The head of one major corporation whose popularity has been greatly enhanced by his "thoughtfulness" sends out several hundred cards a year. Though he signs them all he has yet to read one of them. Less successful men, lacking qualified secretaries, are likely to feel that it exposes a lack of importance if they have enough time to pour over a card rack. It puts them in a class with those dreamy-eyed souls found rummaging in second-hand book shops during business hours. So far, except for the aforementioned making-him-feel-like-a-heel-if-he-doesn't frontal attack, the card publishers have devised no successful psychological approach to this attitude.

But the problem is being solved, indirectly, through the rival of the card publishers—the telegraph companies. For if there is anything considered a masculine prerogative in this world, it is sending a telegram. Only a few years ago in the hinterlands women were as much afraid of a telegram as they were of snakes. They were something for men to cope with. Many an early and harmless "Having-a-fine-time-wish-you-were-here" wire lay unopened on the living

room table while the good woman huddled fearfully in the security of the kitchen until her man came home and gutted the awful yellow thing. Today men derive a sense of satisfaction and importance from sending telegrams where ordinary people send cards. This enjoyment is not in the least discouraged by the Western Union or Postal Telegraph people, who have been no less enterprising than their publisher rivals in pushing the practice of Day Observance.

Though they got into the game late—the first decorated Western Union blank was created for the Christmas trade only thirty years ago—the telegraph companies have done very well. The special-rate social and holiday greetings, as well as the singing telegrams, had become so much a part of our national life that the report of their temporary demise as a war casualty came as a distinct shock to thousands who had become accustomed to relying upon their support in all emergencies calling for speedy dispatch of appropriate sentiments. If the war hadn't interfered, it is estimated that the two major telegraph companies would have delivered a total of some 20,000,000 greetings this year; some of them "canned", that is, in formula designated by number, and some in sound.

Telegraphic facilities are concerned with more serious communication these days, but, come the peace, the first sign of our return to normalcy may easily be the appearance

GIVE WISELY **SERVE WISELY** **DRINK WISELY**



Clear Heads
Choose **Calvert**

The gift with the "Happy Blending"



Calvert Distillers Corp., N.Y.C. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits... Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits.

at our door one bright morning before breakfast of a messenger boy in uniform to sing joyfully "Happy Armistice Day to You".

For in peacetime there is little need to expend home-made literary effort on a wire. For birthdays, for example, the greeting staff of the telegraph companies provides a range of canned salutations which include references to three generations "there is none for a great grandparent" and which vary from the following nifty, which might be sent to the president of a bank by a depositor with an overdraft, "It is with great pleasure that we wish you a happy birthday on another year of our cordial relations," to this sprightly little number (Western Union No. 684), "A special person, a special day, a special wish in a special way." In the latter the influence of the greeting card writers is readily apparent.

Frankly out for business, the telegraph companies in some of their Valentine greetings have even been known to run a commercial, as in this bald hint for a reply by wire, "Please save my heart from being wrecked. Send Cupid's answer to me collect." And here are a couple obviously written in the advertising department rather than in the poet's corner, "What are miles to love's communion when Cupid's arrows go Western Union," and "Roses are Red . . . Violets are blue . . . Sugar you're sweet . . . Via WU WU WU." Any gal who got a bang out of one like that one better watch her intelligence rating. But the prize Valentine's Day let-down to the fluttering heart is this telegraphed dash of cold water, "A hearty greeting from one who gladly remembers you." File that away in your hope chest.

FOR the "get back to normal" post-war business—there will undoubtedly be a revival of the canned whoop-er-up telegrams such as, "Pour in on 'em boys. Let's see you go," which have eased the burden for many a weary sales manager. There will also be once more the familiar Kiddiegrams which many otherwise mature adults enjoy sending to one another and which, to the indignation of telegraph company officials, it was charged before a Congressional committee, were sometimes given priority over army and navy communications. The companies deny that even before the special greeting service was suspended the war effort was ever held up by such messages as, "I am glad to know you are so good, by trying hard I knew you could."

In the line of special greetings to date, nothing has ever appeared to top the singing telegram. Although the greeting card men are working on it, they have yet to put on the market any novelty which can compete with a uniformed lad who stands on your threshold and hails you in song. Even a girl warbling a greeting over the telephone has something not readily duplicated in print. But singing telegrams produced problems too. More than one person can

and frequently does get the idea to send a singing "Happy Birthday" to Cousin Maybelle. And by the time Maybelle has heard a falsetto rendition of "Happy Birthday to you" for the sixth time she is apt to declare open season on messenger boys and shoot on sight.

Mother's Day, which the card publishers helped tremendously to popularize, has had an interesting psychological effect on the average American's concept of his immediate maternal ancestor. Somehow on the second Sunday in May when he gets worked up into an appropriate sentimental lather he confuses his own mater with that of Whistler's enduring portrait. But when the average American mother puts on her shawl, it's usually because she's stepping out. Many a man has spent hours drinking Mother's Day Specials (gin, cloves and two dashes of lavender) waiting for a long distance call to the old homestead to come through, only to learn later he got the "no answer" report because mother was out, somewhere, dancing. It's appropriate that mothers should be remembered, but in America it has to be done with sentiment and not sentimentality.

The merit of setting aside one day apiece for a tribute to mothers and fathers is universally recognized in this country. But the techniques which have been used to stimulate their recognition provide a warning for those who are concerned lest we soon find ourselves involved in much more general celebrations such as Buck Sergeant's Day, Traffic Cop's Day, or a series termed respectively, Blonde's Day, Brunette's Day and Red Head's Day. Doubtless there are people sufficiently sentimental over sergeants, traffic cops and blondes, especially blondes, to subscribe to setting aside a day for honoring them with feasting, flowers, greeting cards, neckties, candy, telegrams and silk stockings. Let the card publishers discover these people and a Movement for the Observance of a New Day will be on foot quicker than the Jap navy can turn around and head for home. For it was the greeting card people who brought Father's Day out of the complete chaos concerning it in 1922.

FATHER'S Day owes its origin in 1912 to Mrs. John B. Dodd of Spokane, Washington. Convinced of a national lack of appreciation of the virtues of the American *pater familias*, with the aid of the local Y.M.C.A. she persuaded a few people in that city to set a date on which every male parent was to receive at least a smile from the members of his family. Three years later two good ladies took out a Delaware charter to celebrate Father's Day in that State. The resulting publicity prompted a congressman to introduce a bill designed to make it a day for national observance. But nothing came of the suggestion. Wise men in Congress knew that the less fathers were observed the better.

Any sentimental message from relatives or offspring, they held, merely paved the way for a touch. But in 1918, as a morale building measure, the A.E.F. newspaper "Stars and Stripes" organized a Day for the fathers in France, and subsequently a large number of other groups, some commercially minded, got on the band wagon for reasons of their own. Prominent among these was the Associated Men's Neckwear Industries which stood to profit handsomely because of the time-honored belief that the only gift possible for a man is a tie. Days for the Old Man were popping like corn at Christmas until the forthright Greeting Card Association of Boston stepped in and said that hereafter Father's Day would be celebrated the third Sunday in June and no nonsense. Since then there has been an increasing amount of hullabaloo about the event. But the evidence of his sentimental rating is found in the fact that less than one percent of all greeting cards are sold for Father's Day. Pop stands at the top of the bottom of the list.

War is bringing changes in the greeting business and at least one result can be easily foreseen. When it is over, men in the habit of sending cards will continue to do so, forgetting their original timidity. In army camps, messages home, like everything else, are largely cranned. Selectees find the greeting card provides a blessed convenience because it takes the place of a letter. Rare is the soldier who can't find something better to do in his spare time than write, and the card is doubly valued because it says what the soldier would like to say, in words he knows he would never in the world have thought of.

AND when they go on foreign duty canned communication facilities for the armed forces don't stop. Early in the war telegraph companies concocted messages which soldiers can send or receive in any part of the world where they may be stationed. These messages can convey as many as three separate thoughts and are delivered in one or two days. The rate, regardless of distance, is only sixty cents. This is a splendid wartime service on the part of the telegraph companies. But it may prove just one more step in the domestication of the unwary male. When the last shot is fired and Mr. Yank gets back to the little nest, probably the first thing his wife will send him for will be cards to announce his return. If the present boom continues, in that year as many as ten billion greeting cards may be exchanged by Americans. And then the greeting card people can get to work on a new slogan. Instead of "Every Day a Greeting Day" it will be "Two Greetings a Day Keeps Discord Away". And then three—four—possibly a card every hour on the hour.

So, slowly but surely, America progresses, with kindness of forethought, toward the greeting card millennium.

Sport\$ Dynamite

(Continued from page 9)

sporting events shows a very slight decline. And the slump is the synthetic product of restrictions on travel. Gas rationing, the freezing of tires and cars, the elimination of special trains, figured to hit sports where they live—at the box-office.

SEVERAL years ago I wrote here that sports were the most absorbing interest, apart from the business of making a living and raising a family, of the average American male adult. It was one of those things a party says when he sits down to write himself a piece for the ages. To be truthful, I was trying to impress His Worship, Mr. C. Phillips, the Editor, with the indispensable importance of this monthly document. My only mistake was in not believing the golden words were absolutely true.

The recent Cardinal-Yankee World Series set an all-time, five-game record for attendance and receipts. Each of the three games played at the Yankee Stadium drew more than 69,000 customers; each cracked the former high-water mark for attendance. The turnout for the final game was phenomenal. It was a Monday following two capacity houses. It was a dark, overcast Monday promising rain; at noon it was doubtful that there would be a game. But

presently there were 69,052 people in the stands at fancy prices.

The abortive Joe Louis-Billy Conn fight gave off strange odors when the match was announced. There was hardly any ballyhoo to steam up the ticket sale. Yet when Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson cancelled the affair, Mike Jacobs had sold \$300,000 worth of tickets.

The most astonishing, unpredictable development was still to come. On October 4, the Government banned all special trains to race-tracks. The order was issued on the eve of the second week of Belmont Park's annual Fall meeting. Everyone assumed betting and attendance would dwindle to the vanishing point. The nearest station to the track on the Long Island Railroad's regular run is a mile and a half distant. Gas rationing is stringent in New York. Bus service from the station to the track is hopelessly inadequate and a third of New York's taxis had been withdrawn from service a few days earlier. Getting to the track involved a round-trip walk of three miles for horse devotees who, traditionally, are accustomed to walking only one way. The way home.

So what happened? Attendance and betting actually increased over the previous week, when special trains were unloading customers at

the track gates. The devotees gallantly met the challenge to their inalienable right to lose money on the horses. Nobody knows yet how the suckers got there, but there were enough to bet more than \$1,800,000 on the next Saturday.

The psychologist will tell you this unprecedented interest in sports is a manifestation of the escape complex or a sublimation of man's aggressive instincts, always stimulated in times of war. The practical, experienced sports observer is a trifle vague on the deductions drawn by the long-haired intellectuals. He does know, however, that the wave of intense interest in sports is loaded with dollars—and dynamite.

TOO much money is being wagered on sports. Too many innocent new fans, unfamiliar with the technique and traditions of the games, are being drawn to sports. It is a dangerous situation hooked up by three quick-burning fuses to the restless dynamite with a perpetual itch to explode.

Vast sums bet on the outcome of a game or a race are natural springboards to skulduggery. The majority of the athletes are young; they lack the stability to give the back of their necks to temptation. They have made too much money too quickly and too

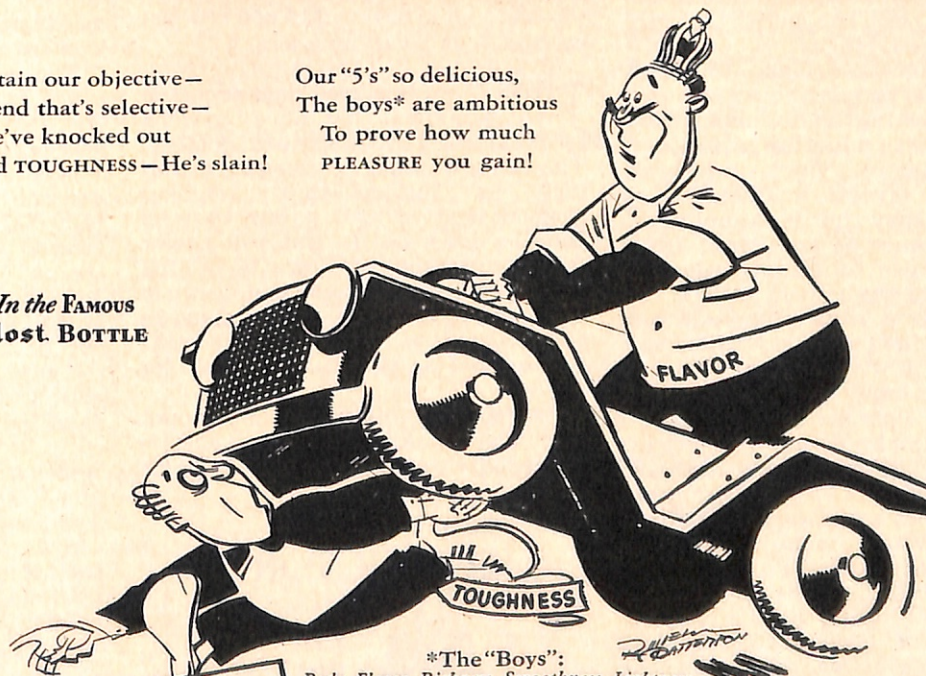
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easily. You'd be astounded if you knew how many jockeys earn more than \$50,000 a year. Legitimately. Jockeys notoriously are heavy bettors; one of the top-drawer riders was in hock to a bookmaker for \$56,000 after the four-week meeting at Saratoga. That's an awful lot of money to lose in a month. With millions floating around every day, however, it's not too much of a tab to be written off for fixing one race. The entire structure of sports is built on the flimsy foundation of public confidence. One scandal can ruin the structure.

Secondly, betting money is unhealthy money that does not last for the long pull. Sports are most prosperous when they draw people for entertainment, for the esthetic wall-op derived when strong, fast men meet in hard, dramatic competition. That clientele is solid and it will come back. Fans who patronize sports only for the purpose of making money through betting inevitably are eliminated by the laws of percentage. They no longer are customers when their money is gone. And this sports boom is essentially a betting boom.

Lastly, and most significantly, extravagant betting gives reformers ammunition for agitating against sports, and gives politicians dangerous ideas. The reformers will try to put sports out of business and the politicians, whether they know it or not, certainly will put the country on the bum if their loose, irresponsible talk of lotteries and legalized gambling is not piped down quickly.

PUBLIC opinion will take care of the blue-noses, but the politicians are a hardier breed. Honest, sober public opinion cannot be trusted to reject the monstrous proposal, recently discussed in Washington, to finance part of the war by conducting a series of national lotteries. This brain-brat, conceived in myopic madness, is so disarmingly easy that it cannot miss. That much must be admitted. Offer people a chance to achieve security for the rest of their lives, even if the proposition is a rank phony, in one spin of the wheel and they will break down brick walls in their zeal to climb on the band wagon. One person in each one hundred thousand will hit the jackpot, but the impact on the Nation's morals and morale will be terrific. As long as gambling is the issue, let's use tough gambling language. Easy money is dirty money.

Certain politicians began to shill for a national lottery as the panacea for the pain of increased taxes when the incomplete returns on the amounts wagered on sporting events were brought to their attention. No one really knows how much Americans bet every year and any free-hand estimate probably falls short of the actual astronomical figure.

Horse-racing offers the merest suggestion of a clue. According to the official report of the State Rac-

ing Commission, more than \$133,000,000 was wagered at New York tracks in 1941. Please remember that figure was for New York State alone. Also bear in mind that the 1942 figure will be greater and that in any given year ten times more—at least—is bet with bookmakers throughout the country. The \$133,000,000 represents only the money poured into the pari-mutuel machines at the track.

One hundred and thirty-three million dollars is a pretty fantastic figure, even when you say it quickly. Better to comprehend what it means, it should be translated into tangible things—what it can buy. All right. A 45,000-ton battleship like the *North Carolina*, the deadliest dreadnought afloat, cost \$65,000,000. The money wagered in only one State last year, and only by the people at the track, would have purchased two ships similar to the mighty *North Carolina*.

Using New York as a starter, it requires no great imagination to understand that Florida, Massachusetts, California, Kentucky, Illinois, Delaware, Ohio, Missouri, Maryland, Rhode Island, Louisiana and the several other States that sanction horse-racing swell the total to an incredible billion dollars. Throw in the infinitely larger sum handled by bookmakers and the huge "take" from the numbers racket. Add a dash of the estimated \$150,000,000 bet on football games. Baseball, boxing, basketball and hockey, to mention only the major sports, bring America's total bill for gambling on sports to—hold your hats—\$10,000,000,000 in round, box-car numbers.

THERE are bemused master-minds who would put that money to work by diverting it to a national lottery. The thing would succeed so spectacularly—as a lottery—that it requires a good deal of will power to turn thumbs down on it. But will power is an expression of character and if we are to keep the vigor and idealism that are facets of the American character, this lottery scheme must be knocked on the head and left for dead.

To repeat, a lottery would be popular. The smoking of opium also is regarded with favor in certain parts

of the world. Before the war, Americans were heavy supporters of the Irish Sweepstakes, the nearest thing to a lottery we've had in this country. Several years ago I had occasion to interview Mr. Sidney Freeman, a representative of the famous English bookmaking firm of Douglas Stuart, Ltd. (In England, bookmakers are famous, not notorious.) Mr. Freeman came here three times a year to buy the tickets drawn by Americans on horses that were to run in one of the three races that were the pay-offs on the Sweepstakes.

At that time I asked Mr. Freeman how many tickets—at \$2.50 the copy—annually were bought by Americans. Mr. Freeman declined to answer, but in the course of our conversation he revealed that half the tickets were sold in America, that there were three drawings a year and that there were about 3,000,000 tickets sold on each race. According to those figures, Americans bought 4,500,000 Sweepstakes tickets a year at an outlay of \$11,250,000.

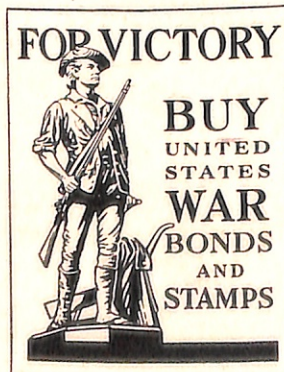
THE Irish Sweepstakes were illegal in this country; tickets had to be sold clandestinely and were subject to seizure by U.S. officials. Ten times as many lottery tickets could be unloaded if they were sold on street corners under Government sponsorship.

That would be dandy, of course, School children would, in effect, be encouraged to save their nickels and dimes for gambling. Laborers and white-collar workers, already in debt up to their ears, would try to get out of the hole and, with inexorable mathematical certainty, would sink deeper into same.

The entire thing would be just a snare and a delusion, anyway. The Government would take a healthy percentage off the top for operating expenses and its margin of profit. Assume the grand prize would be \$100,000 and a couple of \$50,000 awards were distributed to sweeten the pot. The winnings would be subject to income tax. Our ravishing blonde secretary is out buying a paper at the moment and has taken the office abacus to make sure she gets the correct change, but free-hand figuring on the Federal tax due on a \$100,000 prize is \$66,700. Mr. Whiskers would take a \$26,375 cut of a \$50,000 prize.

France had a national lottery and it contributed to the decadence of the nation. A national lottery in the United States conceivably could finance a large part of the war—but at a price that would make victory prohibitive.

Gambling is a vice that cannot be stamped out entirely, but it must not be made easier for the little people who cannot afford to lose. Without encouragement, they already are trying hard to fight off inflation by spending money they otherwise would throw away on such foolish things as food, rent and clothing.



Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 21)

we got there. He pounced on them, crunched them with one snap of his jaws and arrived at our gunning stand in a condition of complete exhaustion.

A few minutes before sunset the first few straggling blacks began sifting in, and in no time at all six had answered the magnum's salute. For once, I was connecting cleanly.

"Is Mouche picking up all those birds?" I asked the guide later, during a momentary lull.

"I have found two myself," he answered. "Mouche, he is fatigue from hunting the frog. Later he will find the duck."

Later, Mouche caught his breath again and promptly went back to frog hunting. At ten o'clock that night we finally retrieved the last dead duck, after four hours of patient flashlight searching, and Mouche had killed another 100,000 frogs, more or less.

Ernest, the guide, was all smiles when he greeted me last October.

"This season," he promised, "we keel those black duck lak crazy every evening. I haf new dog, a superb animal who is like to go for hunt."

"Did something unfortunate happen to Mouche, I hope?" I questioned.

"He iss keel," was the answer.

"Now I haf Toutou."

"You sure he doesn't chase frogs?"

"Oh, non, non, non!"

"Okay. See you at four o'clock. Better hitch up the wagon so we can drive down."

Later that afternoon, after getting straightened out at the small country hotel for a week's stay, I met Ernest at the bridge and climbed aboard the springless farm wagon. Toutou, a sad looking mutt, was sitting on the seat beside the guide, secured by a heavy rope.

Fifty yards beyond, Toutou put his soul into a howl of anguish which frightened the horse so badly we almost had a runaway. "Toutou is excite," explained Ernest with a disarming smile, after getting the plunging horse under control. "He is like to go for hunt."

"That's dandy," I answered. "Only tell him in French not to give out like a timber wolf at unexpected moments. The horse doesn't like it and neither do I. Besides, it would be inconvenient to be killed in a runaway up here in Canada. Lot of red tape getting a corpse across the line and all that."

From there on, our rattling ride to the marsh was punctuated by canine howls and wails. Toutou wasn't enjoying the ride.

"Your magnificent duck retriever doesn't seem happy," I remarked. "Maybe you'd better turn him loose and send him home. If he howls like that around the lake he'll scare every duck within five miles."

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If not thoroughly satisfied after 2 weeks' trial your money will be cheerfully refunded. Name, address and fraternal emblem engraved in 22-K gold FREE. (\$1.50 extra value!)

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That brother Elk or that Service Man . . . give him a Pasmaster with his branch of service (Army, Navy or Marine) and his name and home address in gold. It's great for keeping photos of his loved ones, as well as identification, etc. Get one for yourself and one for him and receive our \$2. value black calfskin key case Free of all cost.

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I enclose \$.....with the clear understanding that I must be more than pleased—otherwise I may return the goods at once for refund of my money.

I'm ordering two—include FREE \$2.00 KEY CASE ☐

Monogram ☐ ☐ Emblem desired.....

Name.....

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NOTICE! If the Pasmasters are for gift purposes, be sure to include proper instructions for Gold Engraving on separate sheet of paper.

SECRETARIES AND LODGE CORRESPONDENTS PLEASE NOTE

The Elks Magazine wants to print as much news of Subordinate Lodge activities as it can possibly handle. There are, of course, the limitations of space and that all important problem of time. We must send the magazine to our printer considerably in advance of the day it reaches you each month.

Therefore, will you note on your records that all material sent for publication in The Elks Magazine should be in our hands not later than the 15th of the second month preceding the date of issue of the Magazine—for example, news items intended for the February issue should reach us by December 15th.

"He is only excite," was the answer.

We hitched the horse to a tree near the end of the road and headed out into the marsh afoot, with Toutou leading the way, and just beyond, a small marshy pond attracted our attention. There were duck feathers galore, indicating the place was used by numerous blacks. Ten minutes later a black duck circled overhead, ran into hard luck and plunked into the high grass with a satisfying thud. Toutou gave one startled scream, followed by a succession of yelps, and departed under a full head of steam. Whether the pooch was frightened by the shot or the falling duck I'll never know.

"Your magnificent duck retriever has left us," I remarked to the guide, "and I hope he doesn't stop much this side of Montreal."

As things turned out I spoke a little too soon. Toutou remained at about 100-yard distance during the rest of the evening flight, deaf to blandishments and curses. There he poured out his canine soul in doleful howlings which frightened away at least a score of good shots during the next hour. We couldn't catch him and we couldn't shut him up. And again we retrieved dead ducks by flashlight.

"I cannot understand that Toutou," lamented Ernest as we jogged homeward. "Nevaire before haf he act so funny. He love to sing, I know, but he love to hunt, too. All he do tonight is sing. Tomorrow night maybe he hunt good."

There never was a tomorrow night for Toutou, as far as I was con-

cerned. Besides, by that time I suspected that Ernest was pulling the leg. My leg, to be specific.

Has any Brother a sure-fire remedy for those shotgun shooting heebies? Your agent has suffered several annoying seizures to date this season and would prefer that the malady didn't become chronic. Missing an occasional shot is one thing, but a succession of unexplained bobbles is something else. A total of 35 shots to get two ducks! And with ammunition as expensive and scarce as it is! The horrible details? Well, first there was that high-flying pin-tail—sprig, to you guys out West. That duck cut past at an easy 50-yard range, and just before it passed overhead I unlimbered Betsy and cut loose with a shot. Nothing happened except the startled quacker bounced straight up about 20 feet and stepped on the gas.

"Tut, tut!" I said to myself, never indulging in profane language, "I've been doing too much clay target shooting," and let go with a second salvo. That one didn't connect, either.

The unexpected shelling evidently confused the surprised bird because it did a neat wingover and headed back my way.

"This time," remarked a critical companion, "you'd better quit fooling around and get down to business."

But something went wrong again. Two quick shots, which made a total of four, failed to cut a feather but praise the Lord, the last did it.

"I could have done better with a bean-shooter," commented the partner, whose sympathy knows no bounds.

Some 30 shots later I finally managed to kill another duck.

"A regular Fred Kimble," commented our pal, as he gathered up his limit, "a regular Fred Kimble. Or maybe Doc Carver. Why don't you take up golf?"

Several days later I was ensconced in the coffin-like confines of a laydown box, anchored out on the lake—eating a belated lunch. Now, it's an axiom that the moment you do something you shouldn't in a duck blind or other gunning ambush, something happens. This was no exception. A snarl of bluebills whipped in and I dropped the Thermos bottle and sandwich so quickly the sandwich went overboard and the Thermos broke against the gunwale. And the ducks drew three belated shots. Harmless shots.

Two pairs and a single which followed weren't stopped, either. It was getting to be funny, particularly for the aforementioned companion, who has a curious sense of humor. Eventually I got things under control and killed a limit. But it took a lot of ammunition.

"You should have seen the bottom of the box when we picked him up," my partner remarked to the rest of the gang later. "We had to shovel him out."

"Shovel him out?" repeated another ribber. "I don't get it."

"That's right," answered the first wit. "He was up to his hips in empty shotgun hulls."

What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 8)

of air battles, either seen or followed on the air waves.

But if the planes of the *Lexington* could attack the Japanese ships, the Japanese planes also could attack the *Lexington*. As Captain, now Rear Admiral, Sherman said, "I feel an attack group cannot be stopped. It's likely the position will be similar to that of two boxers, both swinging a knockout punch at the same time and both connecting." That is exactly what happened to the *Lexington*; the American planes were out on a mission when the Japanese arrived with their bombs and torpedoes; Johnston says 103 planes passed over in sixteen minutes. One wave after another attacked the ship; not all got away, but between bombs and torpedoes the *Lexington* was set afire. She was burning so hard that the captain had to order her abandoned, and the American torpedoes sent her to the bottom. The men who slid off were saved by destroyers; the dead had died on board from bursting bombs. (Dutton, \$3)

Cecil Brown's "Suez to Singapore" is a startling document. It is packed

with action and dialogue. Brown, who is nationally known for his broadcasts, was not taking anything from anybody. When the stupid censorship mauled his broadcasts, he hit back, and all through the book he is telling the British how inefficient and unprogressive they are. We know what happened at Singapore and how the *Repulse* and *Prince of Wales* were sunk, and yet Brown's account makes your spine tingle. It's a close-up of the greatest disasters that have occurred in the East; it puts you right inside the *Repulse* on the jaunt into the blue, when the officers spoke so disparagingly of the Japanese and lived to learn that they were dangerous enemies. It was a bitter lesson for the democracies.

"You British cannot win this war fighting like gentlemen," Brown told a group of officers.

"We will go on fighting like gentlemen just the same," they replied. "We just don't change."

Fortunately, the Australians don't fight like gentlemen.

When the Japanese bombs and torpedoes got in their work, the *Repulse* and the *Prince of Wales* were

helpless. The British were helpless, too, on the land. The Japanese had an effective fifth column because they paid high prices for their tools; the British could buy a man for \$50, but the Japanese raised the ante to \$500, and greed did the rest. Cecil Brown detests the complacent British officeholder of the Far East no less than H. Bruce Lockhart did a few years ago in his travel books, but he admires the courage and tenacity of the British soldier. "The British have a capacity for dying with such bravery," he says, and they don't complain much.

It is a remarkable account of growing disaster. It is most readable, and it ought to help educate us to our job. Complete frankness about our situation and that of all the United Nations won't hurt morale; it will make us fight harder to preserve our own freedom against a tricky, relentless and highly efficient enemy. (Random House, \$3.50)

CARL SANDBURG'S new book, "Storm Over the Land", is called "a profile of the Civil War", and actually it is made up of extracts carefully

culled from his great biography, "Abraham Lincoln: the War Years". You may have read the latter; you may still be reading it, yet "Storm Over the Land" will be welcome. It hits the highlights and makes the leaders comprehensible to us. Lincoln, Robert E. Lee, Jefferson Davis, Grant, Meade, Sherman, move through these pages. And the lesson is brought home to us that this was a great democratic argument, with arms. "At terrific human cost there had been a redefinition of one species of property," writes Carl Sandburg. "The delicately shaded passages of the second inaugural wept over the cost of doing by violence what might have been done by reason. Yet looking back it was seen that violence and not reason was ordained . . . The war testified to the awfulness of pent-up forces too long unreasonably held back." We can reflect on these words and on this tragic battle as we again face the inability of mankind to use reason in adjusting situations that arise from pent-up forces and energies. (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.50)

OUR great land was settled because a great many people were unsettled—restless, always on the move. When a little village in New England had been lived in for a generation or two, the young people wanted land of their own in the wilderness. And the wilds were immense; all you had to do was to guarantee to develop the land, and you could pay the proprietors as you went along. Whit Livingstone, the brawny young hero of "Look to the Mountain", by LeGrand Cannon, Jr., was one of the restless young men who was determined to stake out his claim in the wilds of the province of New Hampshire, just before the American Revolution. He loved the wide vistas, the trees and fields; he cut timber, planted Indian corn, raised his house, brought meat home to his wife, Melissa. Sometimes the woman was lonely and disturbed, but now and then neighbors came to call and help in a crisis. All this doesn't sound highly original, does it? Yet it is a fine upstanding story, something to be enthusiastic about. In it is the tang of the free air of New England, where men could stand up straight, carry on democratic procedure in the town meeting and defend the land when the Hessians came. The author knows and loves New Hampshire; he has seen the mists obscure and reveal the mountains and hence he has been able to interpret Whit and Melissa, the young people of a day long gone, as they must have been. The telling makes this a distinguished book. (Holt, \$2.50)

BEFORE the motor car, there was the farm wagon. That certainly was the way the Studebakers looked at it. They established their huge business with the expansion of the farms of the West, and the farm wagon and other accessories helped in the development of the land and made the

Studebaker fortune. The account of how the five brothers did it is another fine chapter in the history of American industry. It has been told by two women, Kathleen Ann Smallzried and Dorothy James Roberts, in "More Than You Promise". They went to the files in South Bend to write this story. There they found that the father, John S. Studebaker, knew how to make wagons; he built a Conestoga-like wagon to take his family from Gettysburg, Pa., to Ashland, Ohio, in 1835, and again moved them to South Bend, Ind., in the same wagon, in 1851. His sons Clem and Henry made the first farm wagon for \$175, painting it bright green and red, with the name in yellow letters. They persuaded John M., Peter and Jacob to join them, and soon they were in the thick of it. John M. survived his brothers and was the progressive spirit who kept an eye on the next development in his business and experimented. He studied the gasoline engine, and though Studebakers first built electrics, they soon changed to motor cars, buying out the Flanders (E-M-F) plant when they really got going. It is hard for us to realize this tremendous upswing of the motor car, which has done so much to develop the gasoline and rubber industries and build roads everywhere. The first motor car show of 1900 in the Madison Square Garden of New York City showed the Packard, Pope, Winton, Duryea and Haines-Apperson. A few years later the Studebaker was in the competition, too. And then, as the authors put it, the automobile "became the eleventh article of the bill of rights". The whole story is here, including the difficulties of the Depression and reorganization and the present development of the plant as one of the great manufactories of war materials. (Harper, \$3.50)

IF YOU feel, as I do, that many poems of today need to be explained before we know just what the poet is trying to do, then you will find Louis Untermeyer a capable and discerning guide. He has not only prepared a collection of poetry in "A Treasury of Great Poems, English and American", but he has taken pains to tell what the poet meant to do, and how well he accomplished it. Thus his book is like an extended course of lectures on poetry and is recommended with that in view. From Chaucer to Ogden Nash, from Shakespeare to T. S. Eliot and Archibald MacLeish—well, there are 1280 pages, 185 poets and 980 poems, and there ought to be something in it for everybody. (Simon & Schuster, \$3.75)

AN INGRATIATING record of a literary life is to be found in Andre Maurois' "I Remember, I Remember", which is likely to be obscured by war books because the author speaks softly and gently. He tells the story of his own beginnings as a writer, of how his father was one of



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the Frenchmen who chose to leave Alsace when the Franco-Prussian war left this province in the hands of the Germans. He ran a cloth mill in Normandie. But although this is the account of a literary life, the war gets into it; indeed, it determines Andre Maurois' career. As an officer of liaison assigned to the British Army he observed the characteristics of the English that he finally put into his portrait of Col. Bramble. The book, "The Silence of Colonel Bramble", became widely popular and created much good will. Kipling, Clemenceau and Sir Douglas Haig told him how much they liked it, "but my wife seemed indifferent to this new aspect of my life". In later years Maurois (this is a pen-name for Emile Herzog) wrote books about Shelley, Byron and Disraeli and many others that have been most popular with the reading public. One day after the great war he visited Clemenceau in his little house in Paris. He found him at his desk, with a forage cap on his head and black gloves on his hands. His doctor was with him. Clemenceau said, "The doctor here has been assuring me that I have only a few months left to live."

"They've said that to me a number of times, M. le President," said

Maurois, "and I'm still here."

"Ah, you are young. What are you going to give us next?"

"I'm thinking of writing a life of Woodrow Wilson..."

"Don't do it," replied Clemenceau vehemently. "That man has done us a great deal of harm." (Harper, \$3.00)

MANY of our greatest stories deal with war and battle, with terrible combats, man to man. Ernest Hemingway ought to know something about them, for he has written pretty good ones himself. He has edited and written an introduction for "Men at War", which is described as containing "the best war stories of all time". That's a big order; no doubt many of us have favorite stories that we consider among the best and that Hemingway may not rank as high. In this book he adopts a realistic attitude toward war; he has seen it, and he measures the value of stories by their truth. "This book will not tell you how to die," says Hemingway. "This book will tell you, though, how all men from the earliest times we know have fought and died." For war "is part of the intercourse of the human race".

Many of these stories you have

read, and will enjoy reading again. It is hard to use the word "enjoy" in this connection, but since we are discussing works of art, that is one of the results they achieve. Here are narratives all the way from "Horatius at the Bridge" by Livy to Blake Clark's account of Pearl Harbor. Here is Stephen Crane's "The Red Badge of Courage" in its entirety, for, as Hemingway explains, it cannot be abridged. Marquis James' account of the train stolen by Union men in Confederate territory is one of the rousing yarns of courage and ingenuity; the account by T. E. Lawrence of blowing up a train in Arabia is a page out of guerrilla warfare. Do you remember Victor Hugo on Waterloo? This will refresh your memory. Does the story of the Lost Battalion stir your enthusiasm? I do not doubt that it does. It is here.

"To live properly in war," writes Hemingway, "the individual eliminates all such things as potential danger. Cowardice, as distinguished from panic, is almost always simply a lack of ability to suspend the imagination." The soldier goes forward without thinking of consequences. There are many examples of that inexplicable spirit in this book. (Crown Publishers, \$3)

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 29)

program of music presented by the double quartette from his home lodge, Anaheim No. 1345. A eulogy for the late Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott, P.E.R. of San Francisco Lodge, was delivered by Mr. Mellmann.

Friday's session was highlighted by the arrival of Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan and two Past Grand Exalted Rulers from the State of California, Michael F. Shannon, of Los Angeles, and Raymond Benjamin, of Napa Lodge. The Grand Exalted Ruler, introduced by Mr. Shannon, delivered a stirring address on the Order, speaking for an hour and holding the undivided attention of his audience. At this meeting, officers for the ensuing year were nominated and unanimously elected, as follows: Pres., Newton M. Todd, Long Beach; Vice-Pres.'s: South, Ben W. Osterman, Santa Ana; S.Cent., J. Robert Paine, Pasadena; E.Cent., Joseph Gaestel, Merced; W.Cent., Horace R. Wisely, Salinas; Bay, George McMurdo, Santa Rosa; North, Charles De Marais, Chico. Secy., Edgar W. Dale, Richmond; Treas., Oscar W. Heying, Anaheim; Trustees (two years): J. F. Misphey, Sacramento; W. O. Rife, San Bernardino; B. F. Lewis, Fresno.

On Saturday morning, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin, Vice-Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees, spoke on the work of the Foundation and its methods of operation. His talk followed, appropriately, the presentation by J. F. Misphey, Sacramento, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, of a \$300 Scholarship from the Foundation to Herbert J. Cabral, of San Mateo Junior College. President Quayle then presented his annual report, showing that his year had been one of accomplishment, with a net gain in mem-

bership for the State, an increase in assets for the Association and every one of the eighty California lodges one hundred per cent busy in the war effort. Installation of the new officers was the next order of business. President Todd appointed David Todd Gillmor, of San Jose, Chaplain, and Owen O. Keown, Santa Monica, Sergeant-at-Arms, and returned to office the State Association's veteran Tiler, Thomas Abbott, of Los Angeles Lodge. He also outlined a program of activity for the next twelve-month period. The 1943 convention will be held at a time and place selected later by the Board of Trustees.

The contests this year were of necessity fewer in number due to the war and its demands for labor and transportation, making it impossible for many of the large groups, bands, drill teams, etc., to attend. The ritualistic contest, however, drew entries from five of the six districts. The officers of Oakland Lodge No. 171 won the contest. San Diego Lodge No. 168 was the winner of the soft ball contest. Richmond Lodge No. 1251 won the bowling championship and Fresno Lodge No. 439 won the golf trophy. The President's Banner for the greatest percentage gain in membership went to Palo Alto Lodge No. 1471, whose net gain was 29 per cent.

The social side of the reunion had been well arranged by General Chairman Austin Healey, of Fresno. There were breakfasts and fashion shows for the ladies and trips through the famous winery and the equally famous raisin packing plant. Music was furnished for dancing each night at the home of Fresno Lodge. Exalted Ruler Harry R. Cayford and Secretary A. C. Kallenbach were on hand at all times to see that everybody had a good time. A fine

professional vaudeville show was a feature of the annual Hi-jinks on Friday night, arranged by State Chairman Ed Culin, of Berkeley.

The annual dinner at the Hotel Fresno, honoring the incoming and outgoing presidents, was the big event on Saturday night. It was followed by the President's Ball in the convention hall. While naturally the business sessions were serious in purpose, the 2,500 Elks and their ladies who attended the convention took full advantage of the lighter side of the meeting. The largest unit from any one lodge was the "Hobo" group from Huntington Park Lodge No. 1415. They set up camp in the largest park in the city and served coffee and doughnuts, much to the delight of the youngsters of the city. As a well organized group of clowns, their antics offended no one and their comedy was thoroughly enjoyed by the general public. Under the direction of Colonel Vesey Walker, of international band leadership fame, the famous symphonic band of Los Angeles Lodge No. 99 was on hand throughout the convention, giving numerous daily concerts in the public parks.

VERMONT

Barre Lodge No. 1535 was host to the Vermont State Elks Association at its annual convention on October 11. State President John T. Nelson, P.E.R. of Barre Lodge, presided. The 11 lodges of the State were represented by 76 delegates, with as many more members in attendance. Those arriving early in the day enjoyed a golf match, a horseshoe contest and a trip to the extensive granite quarries which have made Barre famous.

Prior to the opening of the annual

session, nearly 200 Elks and their ladies were guests at a banquet. Group singing and musical selections were enjoyed. The patriotic address, given by Governor William H. Wills, long a member of Bennington Lodge, was a highlight of the occasion. Freedom of the city was extended by City Attorney John Molla, representing the Mayor. The youngest guest present was Cadet William Malley, of Norwich University, a son of Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley. His short speech was enthusiastically applauded.

The business session was held in Quarry Bank Hall. Past State President Arthur L. Graves, of St. Johnsbury Lodge, paid tribute to Absent Members after the opening prayer had been made by State Chaplain Arthur F. Stone, also of St. Johnsbury Lodge. Committee reports covered the year's activities. It was shown that a contribution of \$4,147.40 had been made to the Thorpe Goshen Camp for Crippled Children, the main project sponsored by the Elks of Vermont. During the three years the committee has been functioning, the summer camp has received \$12,876.77, including annual contributions of \$500 allocated by the Elks National Foundation Trustees of which Mr. Malley is Chairman. Each year a large delegation of Vermont Elks visits the camp and Mr. Malley is an interested member of the party making the pilgrimage.

The War Bond Committee reported that more than half a million dollars worth of Bonds had been purchased. In a report on the war effort, it was stated that there were at that time three Vermont Elks' units of 20 members each, with more boys training in refresher courses to join those already in the U. S. Armed Forces. Several patriotic resolutions were adopted. The meeting closed with an inspiring address delivered by Mr. Malley, dealing with the part that Elks must play in winning the war.

Election of officers for 1942-1943 resulted as follows: Pres., John M. McMahon, Rutland; 1st Vice-Pres., Joseph T. McWeeny, Bellows Falls; 2nd Vice-Pres.,

Herman L. Ahrens, Brattleboro; 3rd Vice-Pres., G. Herbert Moulton, St. Johnsbury; Secy., J. A. Abel, Rutland; Treas., Oscar E. Beck, St. Johnsbury; Trustees for three years: Angelo J. Spero, Rutland, Arthur J. Fisher, Burlington, Ronald Cheney, Hartford, and E. W. Robinson, Bellows Falls.

Special Meeting of Mass. State Elks Assn. Is Held at Worcester

The Massachusetts State Elks Association held a meeting, preceded by a luncheon, in the home of Worcester Lodge No. 243 on the afternoon of September 7 for District Deputies of the State, Exalted Rulers and other members of Massachusetts lodges. Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan, of Boston, Mass., Lodge, gave an inspiring talk, stressing the benevolent program to which the Order has dedicated itself for the duration of the war. Chairman John F. Malley, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, Past Grand Exalted Ruler, spoke on the work of the Elks National Foundation Trustees. After the general meeting, the four District Deputies of the State—N. E., Joseph Casey, Melrose, S. E., Fred H. Connelly, North Attleboro, West, Henry C. Walsh, Worcester, and Central, Thomas J. McCaffrey, Cambridge,—adjourned to other rooms in the lodge home where they held separate meetings with officers and members of lodges in their respective districts.

Answering an inquiry made by District Deputy Walsh as to what Holyoke Lodge No. 902 was doing for those of its members in the U. S. Armed Forces, E. R. George F. Murray reported that immediately after a member has entered the Service, the lodge credits him with five dollars. For the duration of the war, a like amount is set aside for him every month as long as he continues to serve. When he leaves the Service, he is given the accumulated sum as an aid to re-establish him in civil life. Should he die in the Service, the money accrued is turned over to his nearest kin.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 31)

H. Sutter, a member of the Order and a student and collector of Chinese art. That evening, at a meeting of the lodge, Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Benjamin and Mr. Zietlow addressed the Elks present, among whom were representatives of several neighboring lodges.

ACCOMPANIED by Mr. Lonergan, the party proceeded by automobile to Portland, Ore. En route, visits were paid to Olympia, Centralia, Chehalis, Kelso and Vancouver, Wash., Lodges. The travelers were entertained at luncheon by Chehalis Lodge. At Portland, the distinguished guests were welcomed by a committee from Portland Lodge No. 142, headed by E. R. Robert S. Farrell, Jr., and P. E. R. Charles Bradley, P. D. D., and members of neighboring lodges. A splendid meeting, held at the lodge home that evening, was addressed by Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Benjamin and Mr. Lonergan. Mrs. Sullivan was entertained the next day by a committee of Portland Elks' ladies, while the Grand Exalted Ruler and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Benjamin were guests of Mr. Lonergan. Late that evening, Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan and Mr. Benjamin entrained for Fresno, California.

Upon their arrival in Fresno on the morning of September 25, the Grand

Exalted Ruler and his party were met by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon, of Los Angeles Lodge, Donald K. Quayle, Alameda, Pres. of the Calif. State Elks Assn., Past Pres. L. A. Lewis, Anaheim, a former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, E. R. Harry R. Cayford, of Fresno Lodge No. 439, and members of the State Association and the local lodge. That afternoon Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Benjamin addressed the California State Elks Association, meeting in Fresno for its annual convention. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Shannon and Fred B. Mellmann, Oakland, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, were in attendance and actively engaged in convention activities. On Saturday, the Grand Exalted Ruler and members of his party were guests of the Fresno officers and officers of the State Association. Late that afternoon, accompanied by Mr. Shannon and Mr. Lewis, the visitors were driven to Carmel-by-the-sea where hotel accommodations had been arranged for them at the Del Monte Lodge. The distinguished guests were accompanied by two members of Salinas Lodge No. 614, F. E. Dayton, Past President of the State Association, and John Sturve. Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan attended Sunday services at the San Carlos Bonomeo Mission at Carmel with



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CHRISTMAS SUGGESTION

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Mr. Shannon and Mr. Lewis. Later in the day, joined by Mr. Benjamin, the party drove to Monterey and the Del Monte Hotel, returning that evening to the Del Monte Lodge where a dinner was given them by Mr. Quayle and Elks of the vicinity.

The Grand Exalted Ruler and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Benjamin were driven by Mr. Dayton to San Francisco on September 28. During their stay, the visitors were guests of San Francisco Lodge No. 3. A dinner was given in the Grand Exalted Ruler's honor, attended by local members and Elks from nearby lodges. In the afternoon, with C. Russell Willett, E.R. of San Francisco Lodge, and P.E.R. Homer F. Potter, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council, the party enjoyed a tour of the city. On Tuesday, Mr. Sullivan, and Mr. Benjamin, accompanied by Mr. Willett and others, drove to the cemetery where the late Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott, P.E.R. of No. 3, is buried. The Grand Exalted Ruler placed a wreath on Mr. Abbott's grave.

On Tuesday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan boarded a train for Cheyenne, Wyo., where two days later they were greeted at the station by a delegation of members of Cheyenne Lodge No. 660 headed by E.R. Paul R. Hansen and D.D. Ed Warren, Mayor of the city. Later in the day, joined by Governor Nels H. Smith and many others, the Grand Exalted Ruler was driven to Fort Warren. There, as guests of General John Worden, Commandant of the Post, members of the party witnessed a military review of the troops stationed at the Fort. A dinner was given later at the Country Club, where the Grand Exalted Ruler had the pleasure of greeting Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, of Sterling, Colo., Lodge, who had come on to attend the dinner and the meeting held that evening by Cheyenne Lodge of Elks.

On October 2, Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan and Mr. Coen, escorted by a delegation of Denver, Colo., Elks, including Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Milton L. Anfenger, Jacob L. Sherman, Past Pres. of the Colo. State Elks Assn., E.R. John F. Mueller and P.E.R. William W. Edwards, left Cheyenne for Denver, traveling by automobile. En route, the party stopped at Greeley where arrangements for an enthusiastic welcome had been made by committees appointed by E.R. Arthur E. Paugh. The program included a reception at the home of Greeley, Colo., Lodge, No. 809, and a luncheon in Mr. Sullivan's honor attended by lodge officers and Past Exalted Rulers. Wives of several of the officers were hostesses at a luncheon given for Mrs. Sullivan. The Grand Exalted Ruler addressed the Elks assembled and was presented by Esteemed Leading Knight Barnard Houtchens with a check for \$857, the lodge's contribution to the Elks War Commission for its war service fund. Mr. Coen described the work that is being carried on by the Commission of which he is a member.

Grand Exalted Ruler Sullivan and his party arrived in Denver on the afternoon of October 2. A visit was made to the military hospital where Mr. Sullivan met many Elks from lodges in various parts of the country, former service men under treatment at the hospital. That evening Denver Lodge No. 17 gave a dinner at the Athletic Club in the Grand Exalted Ruler's honor after which a meeting was held in the lodge home, largely attended. Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Coen were speakers. The next day the Grand Exalted Ruler's party, which included Mr. and Mrs. Coen, enjoyed a

drive to Lookout Mountain and a visit to the Buffalo Bill Museum. Members of the party were entertained by Idaho Springs Lodge at a noon luncheon. Accompanying the Grand Exalted Ruler's party on the trip to Colorado Springs were Mr. Anfenger and Mr. Sherman. Returning from Colorado Springs to Denver, Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan boarded a train for Topeka, Kans.

On Sunday morning, October 4, the Grand Exalted Ruler and his wife were welcomed at Topeka by a delegation of local Elks, headed by P.E.R. Stanley J. Shook, a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, and E.R. J. D. Holt. Members of the delegation accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan to church and breakfasted with them after the services. A trip was made that afternoon to Manhattan, and Fort Riley was visited. The Grand Exalted Ruler and his party were guests of Manhattan, Kans., Lodge, No. 1185, and after their return to Topeka, were entertained by Topeka Lodge No. 204. The next day, accompanied by Mr. Shook and other Elks of the vicinity, the visitors drove to Lawrence, Kans., where they were entertained at luncheon by members of Lawrence Lodge No. 595. Mr. Sullivan was then escorted to the Kansas University campus where, after a review of a regiment of naval students, he presented the regiment, on behalf of Lawrence Lodge, with a new State Flag and new regimental colors, delivering an appropriate presentation address. Members of the party attended a dinner and a meeting at the home of Topeka Lodge.

On Tuesday, October 6, the Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Sullivan en-trained for St. Louis, Mo., arriving that afternoon. They were met by E.R. Henry J. Borgmann, of St. Louis Lodge No. 9, and Secy. Foster L. Bennett who escorted them to the Melvin Hotel adjoining the lodge home. The Grand Exalted Ruler was visited that afternoon by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell with whom he conferred on many fraternal matters. St. Louis Lodge gave a dinner-dance on Tuesday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan, attended by approximately 300 persons.

The next day, accompanied by Mr. Campbell, Mr. Borgmann and Mr. Bennett, the Grand Exalted Ruler was driven to Belleville, Ill., for a visit to Belleville Lodge No. 481. Next, Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Borgmann visited Carbondale Lodge No. 1243, being driven later to Herrin, Ill., by D.D. E. R. Fichtel, P.E.R. of Carbondale Lodge. That evening, the visitors were guests of Herrin Lodge No. 1146 at a dinner. Members of neighboring lodges had been invited, and covers were laid for 500. The dinner was followed by a meeting in the lodge room. Ceremonies were held in which the home of Herrin Lodge, which had been occupied by the WPA during the past four years, was rededicated.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's visit to Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge, No. 86, was made on October 8. E.R. Raymond H. Scofield and Secy. C. L. Shideler, who is also Secy. of the Ind. State Elks Assn.,

met Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan at the train that afternoon. Awaiting the Grand Exalted Ruler at Terre Haute was Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters, of Chicago, Grand Secretary. The two distinguished Grand Lodge officers were guests of No. 86 at a dinner given in their honor and both were speakers that evening at a regular meeting of the lodge. Among those present were Joseph B. Kyle, of Gary, Ind., Vice-Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees; State Pres. Edwin Loewenthal, Evansville, and several of the State Association officers; Past Pres.'s Claude E. Thompson, Frankfort, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, Robert A. Scott, Linton, Superintendent of the Elks National Home, Milo B. Mitchell, Linton, and William E. Hendrich, Terre Haute; Past Grand Inner Guard D. R. Scott, Linton, and the five District Deputies of Indiana, Fred C. Skinner, Jr., Valparaiso, Ralph V. Walker, Wabash, Eddie L. Adair, Crawfordsville, Earle J. Kremp, Washington, and James F. Hibberd, Richmond, who as District Deputy for Indiana, South Central, visited Terre Haute Lodge that evening and addressed the meeting. Eleven new members were initiated by the Terre Haute officers who were praised highly for their splendid rendition of the Ritual. The Indiana Elks Chanters rendered several beautiful numbers, one of which was "The Song of the Elks", written by a member of Frankfort, Ind., Lodge who was present at the meeting. A buffet supper was served. Approximately 60 visiting Elks from lodges in Indiana and Illinois, in addition to those heretofore mentioned, attended the meeting and participated in the festivities. Mrs. Sullivan was entertained during the meeting by wives of the local officers.

The next lodge visited by the Grand Exalted Ruler was Fitchburg, Mass., Lodge, No. 847. A reception was given for him at the home of the local lodge on October 11 by the lodges of the Massachusetts West District, represented by large delegations headed by their respective Exalted Rulers. Mr. Sullivan was accompanied by his official secretary, John F. Burke, P.E.R. of Boston Lodge, and Grand Esquire Thomas J. Brady, of Brookline. A luncheon was given at the Oak Hill Country Club in the Grand Exalted Ruler's honor. Mr. Sullivan was the principal speaker at the evening meeting during which he was presented with a \$500 War Bond, a gift from the lodges of the district. Mr. Brady was also presented with a gift as a memento of the occasion. A class of 15 candidates was initiated. A turkey supper was served after the meeting. E.R. Edwin C. Duncan, P.E.R. James A. Bresnahan, Vice-Pres. of the Mass. State Elks Assn., and Chief of Police Thomas F. Godley, of Fitchburg Lodge, were in charge of arrangements.

On October 14, Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Brady, Mr. Burke, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, visited Medford, Mass., Lodge, No. 915. The Grand Exalted Ruler was presented with a gift from the members of the lodge, a \$100 War Bond, at a dinner given in his honor.

WORCESTER, Mass., Lodge, No. 243, celebrated its Golden Jubilee on October 18. Grand Exalted Ruler Sullivan, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Malley, Grand Esquire Brady and Mr. Burke, Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler, were met at the outskirts of the city and escorted by the local officers to the lodge home. The caravan of automobiles was headed by a band. An afternoon reception was held



and a talk given by Mr. Sullivan was broadcast. The anniversary banquet was attended by approximately 350. Addresses of welcome were made by E.R. George J. Kerleja and Mayor William A. Bennett of Worcester Lodge. Musical selections were featured on the program. D.D. Henry C. Walsh was Toastmaster, and P.D.D. Richard A. Cantwell gave the Eleven O'Clock Toast. The Grand Exalted Ruler delivered an address on the Order; Mr. Malley spoke, stressing patriotism. On behalf of the Worcester membership, P.E.R. Peter E. Finnegan presented Mr. Sullivan with a War Bond. The lodge home was beautifully decorated for the anniversary observance with American flags, flowers and plants. On the front wall of the home were patriotic decorations and a sign—"Service Men Welcomed". One charter member, T. J. Tosi, was present. He was introduced by Est. Loyal Knight James L. Haley.

On his Western tour the Grand Exalted Ruler visited 24 lodges of the Order and made 15 broadcasts in different cities and towns. On many of his visitations in the West and elsewhere, he had the pleasure of witnessing the exemplification of the initiatory Ritual. Without exception, the work performed by the officers officiating was excellent.

The Flying Tiger of Tuttle Hollow

(Continued from page 13)

Sleet, and even more he wanted to see Uncle Tobe go zipping around everywhere, with the chair taking his big strong arms and body to places where his legs wouldn't ever take him again.

Just inside the woods Sleet built a fire against a rock, and pulled bark from a dead walnut to sit on. Jo-Billy took off his boots and tried to warm his feet. Between the misery in them and the miracle of associating with a live Tiger, he failed to notice that the *zzzipp-zzzwapp* over in the woodyard had stopped.

"What work might you be doing, Sleet?" he asked. He knew now that Sleet's home was a town over Joplin way and that Sleet had a deep love for hills and woods and a bush-lop-ing life.

Sleet said, "I'm a—I'm with the State Conservation Commission. I don't like my boss, but it's a money job and outdoors, and I'll keep it till I see the chance I'm looking for."

"What chance is that, mebbe?"

"The right location for a business I've got in mind." He broke a chocolate bar with Jo-Billy. "It sounds like a queer business but it's a cold-sober proposition. I studied along that line in college. You can't pile up any million at it, but you can make a good living and have fun doing it. I intend to start a—er—a butterfly farm."

Jo-Billy swallowed a bite of chocolate he'd meant to chew on a while. Sleet laughed at his bewilderment.

"That's what I said, a butterfly farm. I'll raise other lines—moths, weevils, special bugs and so on."

"What in tarnation would you do with 'em?" Jo-Billy asked.

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The Elks National Foundation is one of the outstanding agencies for good work in our Order. At the time of the Foundation's last annual report, its principal fund stood at \$600,000. Not one penny of this principal can ever be touched. Only the income on the principal can be spent. In the last eight years, the Foundation has expended income totaling \$130,000.

Not one penny of the Foundation's earned income can ever be spent for overhead expenses,—these are borne by the Grand Lodge. ALL of its annual income goes for Scholarships to worthy students, for care of the sick, for healing crippled kiddies, and for other good works.

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"Sell 'em, man! You put the eggs in gauze cages, let 'em hatch, stick in fresh leaves every day for 'em to eat, and pretty soon you've got a flock of dimes in that cage!"

"*Robberson Cruso!* Why, I could do that!"

Sleet shook his head. "Not without schooling in it, Jo-Billy. An amateur would only flop. It's got bad headaches even for a professional." He leaned back against the rock and lit a cigarette. "Right now I might sell weevils and bugs to the experiment stations, but no moths or butterflies. So I'm keeping this job till the market picks up."

Glancing at his lean, hard face, Jo-Billy was thinking how strange it was that a man who'd flown warplanes and shot down Jappers should be keen about butterflies and such-like. It was an angle to Sleet he hadn't guessed at.

"No," Sleet mused, gazing into the blue clear sky, "you can't sell butterflies and moths. They're pretty things, and nobody's in a mood for prettiness. That's how it's got to be till this war is over—no leisure, no gentleness, no beauty. But there'll come a time—and it won't be long—when pretty things, like Luna moths and Silver Wings. . . ."

With the fire as their center of operations, the two of them started bugging again. The first hole they tried, down the hillslope, hadn't a lot of rabbit sign around it, but it looked good for one or two. When Jo-Billy placed Queenie at the mouth, he noticed she acted queer. Starting in, she sniffed and doodled as though every step was costing her a nickel.

He knew she was scenting something she didn't like, and he listened close, uneasy. His breath on her face hadn't yet failed to protect her, but she'd had several close squeaks.

He heard no rabbits stomping, no potato wagons rolling. The first sound was a screech from Queenie. The wail was so inarticulate that he couldn't tell whether it was a cry of fear or a bloodthirsty challenge. Then came a louder screech, of a much larger animal. Then the noises merged into a terrific racket—wheezing, screeching, whistling, puffing.

Jo-Billy caught an odor, and called across, "Sleet—a *mink!* Smell that musk!"

Sleet whistled and shouted into the other hole to scare the mink. Gyp tore back and forth, all keen to get his jaws on that slippery jinx for just one shake. Jo-Billy hacked off a length of grapevine and tried to work it back into the hole, hoping to get a twist on the mink and save Queenie from being gnashed to pieces. But the hole crooked too much; he couldn't reach them; he had to sit helpless and listen, fighting back his tears.

FOR a time, back at the fire, everything was blue and desolate. Jo-Billy's feet had got bad unnoticed, while he and Sleet were trying to save Queenie. Sleet rubbed them

with snow, then with his hands, and wrapped them in his wool scarf.

Jo-Billy couldn't realize that Queenie was dead. He'd picked her out of a litter when she was no bigger than a peanut and raised her with a dropper, and trained her for months. After all the fine suppers of stewed rabbit she'd given him and all the quarters she'd earned by riding neighbor crofts of rats, he couldn't tolerate to think of leaving her in the dark hole yonder, with that devil cuss of a mink crowing over her dead body.

Suddenly he realized he wasn't hearing that *zzzipp-zzzwapp* any more. He hallowed twice, then Sleet sent a shout across. The silence at the farmhouse froze Jo-Billy's blood.

Sleet made him sit quiet. "Tobe is inside, doing something that keeps him from hearing. But I'll go see."

He strode off in a hurry, and Gyp went with him. In a torment of suspense Jo-Billy watched them go across the bottom, the footlog, and on to the house.

A minute later the door opened and Uncle Tobe's voice came rolling across, "Lis'n, you wart, I've been keeping the crackling soup hot for you, but now Sleet and I'll eat it all up! Didn't I tell you not to stay out till your feet got nipped?"

The booming voice, which meant that Uncle Tobe was okay and lots of it, was so sudden and immense a relief that Jo-Billy leaned weakly against the rock.

It was a good half hour before Sleet came out of the house and headed back across the bottom, with Gyp. As they were inching over the icy footlog, Jo-Billy happened to glance down at the hole where Queenie was lost and he saw a darkish animal, the size of a cat, come sneaking out of the den and head for the creek. One glimpse of it, of its loop-jumping gait, told him it was a mink. A whopper of a bull mink—the devil cuss who'd killed Queenie!

He yelled the news to Sleet—"And he's heading for the crick to get into a muskrat hole. Git'm, you and Gyp! He's worth a ten-dollar bill!"

Sleet broke off a club, and hurried. The mink saw him and the dog, and pulled a brushpile over himself; but that didn't do him any good. Sleet jumped on top of the brush and jounced him out, and the chase was on.

IT WAS a circus to watch, that chase. The snow slowed the mink down, but he was slippery as an eel, and had a whole bagful of foxy tricks. He'd squirt out of one brushpile and go loop-jumping for the next; and if things got too hot, he'd plain vanish; he'd dive under the snow, scoot along on the ground and break out yards away. Whenever Gyp did grab him, it was like grabbing a mouthful of smoke—the mink just slid out of his jaws.

Sleet was right in the middle of it. They'd fan the mink into a brushpile; Gyp would meet him popping out on the other side, and grab; then

Sleet would get in a whack with the club, and hit Gyp as often as not. Sleet was shouting at Gyp, "*Nail him, you butter-mouth!*" and Gyp was yelping till it brought Uncle Tobe to the door to listen.

When the mink finally ran out of brushpiles, he whisked up a tall red willow, raced to the tiptop, and made a flying-squirrel leap for the creek bank. Sleet threw his club and missed; but old Butter-mouth got to the right spot, shagged him out of the air, and clamped down on him proper that time.

As they came on toward the fire, Sleet let Gyp carry the mink; and Gyp put his tail up high—it'd turned out to be *his* party after all!

Wondering what had brought the mink out of that hole, when the animals hated both daylight and snow, Jo-Billy started adding things up, and his heart started pounding with joy. That mink, he figured, had caught himself a rabbit in the hole and put in to lay up for a spell. Then Queenie had come back into the den and run onto him with his rabbit. With the man scent all over her, on top of her bluff, she'd purely chased him into a side pocket and taken his rabbit away! That was why his screeching had kept up after she'd stopped. As quick as he could, the poor thing had slipped out of the hole and hit for the creek. And Queenie was down there in the den alive, snuggled up, warm. Just for that he'd plug up the hole and keep her in there a week!

IN THE middle of these thoughts Jo-Billy heard footsteps and brush flipping, and jerked his head around. Not two rods away, Lem Dresbach was shouldering through a spicebush thicket toward him, like an ugly apparition.

Striding on up, Lem counted the twenty-odd rabbits draped in the saplings, then fixed his sourish gaze on Jo-Billy.

Finally he said, "Git yore boots on, kid. You're traveling—with me." He glanced down the slope at Sleet, and remarked, "What a hell of a deputy game warden *he* is! I send him over here to arrest you, knowing you'd be out bugging, and by hipes and cripes, he *helps* you bug!"

Jo-Billy was so dumb-struck that he pulled his boots on without knowing. Sleet, a deputy game officer!—for one horrid moment he thought Sleet had given him rope to hang himself with. But then he remembered Sleet's questions about food and the rabbits destroying crops, and his faith flooded back. Deputy or none, Sleet was on his side.

Sleet came on up and gave Lem a long, scornful stare. "Weren't sneaking around spying on me, were you, Lem?"

"I knowed you wouldn't pinch this kid," Lem growled. "Yore job is to stop law-breaking, and what fine ways you go about it!"

Sleet said, "They're a heck of a lot better than your ways. You've been clubbing these people around with

finer and jail terms for twenty years, and there's more law-breaking now than when you started. You've got everybody hating you and the law you stand for. So don't start shooting off about my ways. Sure I know that ferreting is wrong, or at least illegal, and must be stopped; but I'd go about it like a human being, and I'd dry it up in a season."

Lem wouldn't listen a word. He reached for the mink. "I'll have that," he grunted. "Illegal peltry, taken 'thout license. I'll take the rabbits and the kid—"

Sleet stepped up close to him. "You're just dreaming, Lem," he drawled. "This mink means a wheel chair for Tobe Tuttle, these rabbits mean grub over there, and you're jailing Jo-Billy, like heck!" He took Lem firmly by the arm. "I want a talk with you," he said, and led the warden off to one side.

Jo-Billy couldn't hear a word of what passed. They talked low, and he was thinking—If Sleet said bugging was wrong and had to be stopped, then it was wrong and he'd stop it, he'd stop right now, he'd never bug any more in his whole life, not for eating rabbits, not even for a wheel chair.

At the end of the talk between the two men, he saw Sleet reach under his jacket, bring out his star and hand it to Lem. Then he swung on

his heel and came back to the fire, while Lem walked off toward Waupough.

Sleet's face was hard, but his voice was gentle. "Let's get our things and hit for home, Jo— Hey, what's the sniffing about?"

"You—you lost your job," Jo-Billy quavered. "You let him fire you—to get me out of this pickle."

"Oh, well," Sleet shrugged, "it wasn't much of a job. Not under that sourpuss. You don't see me sniffing, do you? Besides, I've got something better on the stove. What d'you think Tobe and I talked so long about? The general drift was that this Tuttle place needs a man, and I need a place. We didn't get down to details, but that's how it's going to be. I'm going to stay here and have my butterfly farm all ready to start when Spring comes."

Jo-Billy gaped and stared, and finally slumped weakly against the rock once more, all tuckered out by the day's huge events. Eating rabbits, and Queenie safe, and the wheel chair for Uncle Tobe; strong hands at the helm of Tuttle Croft; a Flying Tiger actually living there, and all the neighbor boys slipping around for just a peek at him—

"Okay, young fellow, put your feet on quickly," Sleet said. "We're going to be the fastest Wing on Little Waupough. Let's go!"

In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 20)

But isn't there usually a little goofiness woven through the pattern of nearly all happy occasions? At least this has been your reporter's experience, and this has been responsible for a dog's Christmas tree in the Faust home ever since there has been a dog in it. The tree for the house pet usually stands at the foot of the family tree and on it are hung a few tid-bits that the dog relishes. Oh, yes, and there are presents too. Although long ago we learned to avoid those squeaking, rubber rats. The reason being the same one many a fond father discovers when he hangs a drum on little Willie's tree—and then longs for the time when it is broken. So did we learn to welcome the moment when the "squeak" would inevitably fall out of, or inside of the rat. Thanks to the priorities, this year there'll probably be no friends to present one of those instruments of torture to our pooch.

NOW, if you are going to add Fido's name to your shopping list, let's see what he'll like best. You'll be surprised how many things you can get that your dog will enjoy.

First, of course, are foods. They say a way to a man's heart is through his stomach, but that's only a generality and not at all true for some. However, for the dog it is pretty much a rule. Up to now it wasn't feasible to hang a can or two of edibles on the dog's tree. The cans were

too heavy. Old Man War has changed that. Today you just can't get canned dog food, and let me add that this is to your benefit if you've been filling Fido's dinner pail with that kind of chow. You see, an unpleasantly large percentage of the canned foods contained water—not because the manufacturers wanted to add this, but because the public had an idea that the food had to be moist just like meat. Folks who thought that way actually were paying for a certain amount of water which they could have added to any dry food in their own homes. But there have been quite a few discerning dog owners who have always used the dry foods. Today, everyone who feeds his dogs commercial dog foods must use the dry kind because there is no more canned food available. Or if there is, the stocks are dwindling so fast that by the time you read this the foregoing will be a certainty. From the dollars and cents angle, it is a break for dog owners.

The canned foods, as you may know, have all become dehydrated. You no longer pay for water. Instead of in a can, Doggy's dinner now comes in a box, a package or a cellophane wrapper. Add a mite of water or broth to it and Mr. Dog has as wholesome and nutritious a meal as he ever got. The meat is there and this goes whether it is one of the foods that used to be canned or one of the better-known, advertised bis-

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cuits or other varieties that have always been put up in packaged form. Let me again say, on behalf of the packers of the old-style canned foods, that they were not at all in favor of the moist foods. This meant added shipping costs because the cans bulked up more and weighed more and, besides, had the disadvantage of taking up more room on your grocer's shelves. So, if you want to give your dog a real treat, add one or more of the nationally advertised dog foods to your shopping list for Christmas. While you are about it, add a little variety. If you are using the new dehydrated food as a staple item in your dog's menu, include some hard dog biscuit. This is good for his teeth and digestion. Or, if you depend upon the biscuit, vary this with one of the dehydrates.

NOW here's a treat for the dog that you may think is a luxury, but it isn't because it's packed full of essential vitamins. It's a dog candy. I don't know what's in it, but the dogs almost lose their minds over it, they are so fond of it. I've even tasted it and still can't discover what makes Fido so daffy about it. It has a slight cod-liver oilish taste but that's all. I can assure you it will be a real treat to your dog and quite a few folks I know feed this regularly to their pets as it seems to have a tonic effect.

Leaving the subject of foods, here's something else that your dog will appreciate, although he may not be fully aware of why he does. It's a preparation designed to keep him off your favorite furniture. For the spic and span housewife, who just won't tolerate doggy hairs on settees and chairs this is a boon. And it's a boon to the dog who gets smacked around because he will forget and take his snoozes in the wrong places. It is colorless and in powder form. All you have to do is sprinkle a bit on the furniture and the dog makes that place taboo thereafter. This, like the candy mentioned above, is inexpensive too.

NOW, let's see what the well groomed dog would like. Well, first there's a collar, preferably one of the round kind. Unless the dog has a short coat the round collar is best; flat collars have a tendency to flatten and wear away the rough or long-haired dog's coat. I can't explain it, but it always seems that in the average home Fido's collar is misplaced more than anything else—that is, unless he wears the collar at all times. It's

certainly true in my house. For this reason, if your dog usually goes collarless it's a good idea to buy more than one. Right here I'd like to advise that you don't shop in your local five-and-dime for these—a good collar is worth every cent you pay for it. Leather today is getting scarce and this is particularly true of the better qualities, and, is another good reason why the purchase of more than one collar is advisable.

What I have said about a collar also goes for a lead for your dog. Before I leave these subjects I'd like to add something which you very likely know, and that is—both collars and leads now come in a variety of colors. Nothing looks smarter than a red collar and lead on a black dog—or any other contrast of colors.

IF YOU have one of the long-coated or rough-coated chaps, and it doesn't make a bit of difference if he is pure-bred or not, then you'll find a stripping comb a mighty handy necessity. Keeps the dog looking trim and neat, and don't think he doesn't know when he looks his best. There's one on the market (and it's priced 'way down) that employs a removable razor blade and is so simple to use that anybody can keep his or her pooch looking in show condition. Extra blades can be bought for it from time to time. These, in view of the priorities, had best be bought with an eye to the future. The same people who make the comb also sell a variety of charts that tell exactly how to groom your dog. Suppose you haven't got a pedigreed pup. What of it? Nearly all dogs resemble some kind of pure-bred and you are pretty sure to find among these charts one that can be adapted to trimming your dog.

Next, on the side of pure comfort and because your dog does like to have a place that he can call his own, comes a good dog bed. In this the designers offer you a wide selection ranging from the three-walled type for the small and middle-sized dogs to the big, comfortable cushions for the larger fellows. Bed cushions and single cushions are both stuffed with cedar shavings which keeps them clean and sweet and helps discourage

fleas. There is also a cushion stuffed with cedar-treated Kapok.

This should have gone along with the subject of grooming mentioned earlier; it's the matter of blowing Fido to a good comb and brush. Here, again, don't shop for a price. A good comb and, even more, a good brush, is an investment that will last. For the short-coated dog you might get a grooming glove. This fits the hand and acts as does a curry-comb on a horse. It invigorates the dog's skin, helps remove loose hair and brushes out the dirt that will accumulate in the coats of all dogs. Or, if you prefer a brush, then for the short-coated dog get one with bristles about 1/2 inch long. For the rough-coated such as the wire-haired terrier, see that the bristles are about an inch long. For the long-coated chap bristles should be about an inch and a quarter. I have found the stiff bristles better for all types of coat. They polish and invigorate the coat to a greater degree. When buying a comb for your dog try to get one with teeth not too sharp. If you can't, then file the teeth down a bit. If your dog has either a rough or long coat, then it is a good idea to get two types of comb—one with coarse teeth for tangled coats and one fine-toothed for use after the tangles have been removed.

A good dog book wouldn't be out of order, and here again your dog will appreciate this without knowing exactly why. It will help you to learn more about taking care of him in health and sickness. It will provide suggestions as to his diet and his training and on the whole will assist you to make him a happy dog.

This should have come under the food department but it isn't too late to mention it here, it is another tonic food for your dog—yeast. This comes in powder form to sprinkle on the dog's food, contains a rich supply of vitamins and helps keep the coat in condition as well as being a general "toner" physically.

A great many of the letters I get from readers whose dogs are troubled with skin ailments mention the use of various soaps on their dogs which are intended for human use. Most soaps, in fact nearly all, contain too much

caustics harmful to the dog's delicate skin. When washing your dog use a good, better-known dog soap. Such soaps are made by people who know what ingredients to avoid in manufacturing a soap for Fido. A few cakes of good soap make a year's supply and they're not at all expensive, as you who may have used them



"How to Know and Care for Your Dog" is the title of Edward Faust's booklet, published by the Kennel Department of *The Elks Magazine*. One canine authority says, "It is the most readable and understandable of all the books on this subject". This beautifully printed, well-illustrated, 48-page book covers such subjects as feeding, bathing, common illnesses, training and tricks, the mongrel versus the pedigree, popular breeds, etc. It costs only 25c. Send for your copy NOW. Address—The Elks Magazine—50 E. 42nd St., New York.

on your dogs well know.

While on the subject of the purp's skin I'm reminded of the flock of letters I receive complaining about so-called summer eczema that affects so many dogs. It seems to be more prevalent during warm weather but it bothers many dogs who are kept indoors in over-heated houses in Fall or Winter. There are a number of excellent remedies for this which I have used with success on my own dogs, and this likewise is true for the several varieties of flea powders I've dusted on my purps from time to time.

How about your dog's medicine chest? It's a good precaution to have a few simple necessary remedies on hand for worms and other ailments. Fido isn't going to thank me for this—that is, until after his tummy ache is over. But it is a good thing to have such medicines available and not have to scamper around at the last minute and perhaps buy anything that someone uninformed about dogs

may suggest. Your best bet here is to choose from one of the better known brands that are the products of laboratories which have found out just what makes Fido tick.

Here's something—although it is hardly a boon to the dog but it is to the owner who keeps his dog outside the house: it is an antibark bridle designed to muffle those gabby purps who suffer from insomnia. It works, too, and is not at all hard on the pocketbook.

If you want additional information about any of these "Gifts" for your dog's Christmas tree, just drop a note to our Kennel Department and we'll send the names of the products along to you.

Now that I've gotten Santa Claus down your dog's chimney, I think I'll give a look to my own shopping list—so long—until 1943.

P.S. One of the best Christmas presents you can buy for yourself or a friend is a good dog—if you or the friend doesn't already own one.

Under the Anflers

(Continued from page 36)

Gloucester Elks Initiate Record Class on District Deputy Night

District Deputy Joseph Casey, of Melrose, made the first of his official visitations on September 20th. Accompanied by P.E.R. Joseph W. Brawley, who acted as Grand Esquire, and a suite of nearly 100 Elks from the lodges of the Massachusetts, Northeast, District, Mr. Casey attended the 78th regular session of Gloucester Lodge No. 892, at which the largest single class of candidates ever initiated by that lodge was inducted into the Order. The ritualistic work was exemplified by E.R. J. Joseph Roach and his officers who initiated 37 candidates for their own lodge and one for Salem, Mass., Lodge, No. 799.

The meeting was opened at two o'clock in the afternoon for the transaction of routine business, and the lodge was ready an hour later to receive Mr. Casey and his party with the customary honors and formalities. The only decorations were American Flags and banners and the set of Flags owned by the lodge, showing the evolution of the American Flag from its beginning. These flanked the officers' stations. A war-time touch was added by Army and Navy uniforms worn by several members of Mr. Casey's suite, among whom were three Elks from Gloucester Lodge, Past Exalted Ruler James C. Greely, Jr., First Lieutenant, U.S.A., Past Exalted Ruler Alphonse Lagace, Pharmacist's Mate, second class, U.S.N.R., and Lieutenant Eric Carlson, U.S.N.R., and one member of Norwich, Conn., Lodge, No. 430, Thomas W. Walsh, Seaman, U. S. Coast Guard. District Deputy Casey, P.E.R. George Steele of Gloucester, Vice-President of the Mass. State Elks Assn., Exalted Ruler Leon Theriault, of Salem Lodge, Past District Deputy Horace J. H. Sears, of Beverly, and Lieutenant Carlson were speakers. Music for the occasion was furnished by an orchestra led by P.D.D. Frederick T. Strachan, P.E.R. of Winthrop, Mass., Lodge.

A social hour followed the meeting, after which a turkey banquet was served in the City Hall Auditorium. More than

three hundred local and visiting Elks attended. Entertainment at the lodge home concluded the program.

Dr. Lester G. Brimmer, Prominent Queens Borough Elk, Is Dead

Through the death of Dr. Lester G. Brimmer on October 1, Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, has lost one of its most popular and active members. Dr. Brimmer, Past Exalted Ruler, one of the founders of the lodge and a charter member, was a member for 39 years. He was a Past District Deputy for the N. Y. Southeast District and was for many years an officer of the N. Y. State Elks Association.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, Past Exalted Ruler of Queens Borough Lodge, presided over the Elks funeral service, assisted by Past Exalted Rulers of the lodge acting as officers. All of the present officers and several charter members attended the funeral. Vocal selections were rendered by the Queens Borough Elks Glee Club.

D.D. Gayle Cox Pays Official Visit to Goldsboro Lodge

One of the best meetings held in a long time by Goldsboro, N. C., Lodge, No. 139, drew a large attendance, including a number of old time members of the lodge, assembled for the visit of D.D. Gayle J. Cox, of Raleigh Lodge, on October 10. A barbecued pork and chicken dinner was served.

The meeting was constructive and marked by good fellowship. The District Deputy and several of the members addressed the lodge. Plans were arranged for the purchase of additional War Bonds, the securing of new members and full cooperation with the Grand Exalted Ruler in his administrative program.

Altoona, Pa., Lodge Celebrates Its Fifty-fourth Anniversary

Altoona, Pa., Lodge, No. 102, observed its 54th anniversary on October 11 with a banquet and meeting attended

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Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

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When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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by 500 Elks and members of their families. Lodges in several counties were represented. Toastmaster Alex Weir introduced the principal speaker, Congressman James E. Van Zandt, who had just returned to Altoona after a six-day inspection trip of island defenses in the Pacific. Past Exalted Rulers and several charter members were also introduced.

In a report of the Trustees, made by Bennett J. Gill, it was stated that the lodge home and its appointments had been appraised shortly after the mortgage had been burned several months before. The building was found to be worth \$48,000. The furniture and fixtures represent an investment of \$17,987. The lodge is free of debt and is a consistent purchaser of War Bonds.

Fayetteville, N. C., Lodge Is Visited by D.D. Gayle J. Cox

Gayle J. Cox, of Raleigh Lodge, D.D. for North Carolina, East, visited Fayetteville Lodge No. 1081 on October 7. A large representation of the membership turned out for the occasion. An initiation was held during the meeting which was followed by a smoker.

In the absence of E.R. R. L. Gray, Jr., now serving in the Nation's armed forces, P.E.R. E. L. Grady presided. The Grand Exalted Ruler's program was outlined by Mr. Cox who also assisted in straightening out several important matters on which his advice was requested. As a result of the District Deputy's visit, the lodge feels that it is now in position to function smoothly throughout the duration. Mr. Grady and Secretary W. M. Jessup were congratulated by Mr. Cox on their successful work in administering the lodge's affairs.

Kalispell, Montana, Elks Give The War Effort Active Support

Kalispell, Mont., Lodge, No. 725, is aiding the all-out war effort in buying War Bonds, contributing to the USO and engaging in patriotic work in general. The lodge issued a check for \$468—the equivalent of a dollar contribution per member—to the Elks War Commission when Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan visited Butte, Mont., on September 18.

Individual members are taking the lead in various county efforts. Many are acting as chairmen of important committees. Headquarters for the salvage campaign are located in the Chamber of Commerce office, donated through the courtesy of the president and secretary, both of whom are members of No. 725.

Hattiesburg, Miss., Elks Sponsor A Horse Show with Great Success

Hattiesburg, Miss., Lodge, No. 599, sponsored a horse show at Kemper Park on Friday and Saturday, October 2-3. Blue ribbons and cash awards amounting to \$1,350 were presented to winners in the various classifications. The large entry list was a pleasant surprise, as the Elks' show was the first of its kind ever held in Hattiesburg.

Two evening performances and a matinee were given. A splendid show ring was assembled for the event and temporary stables were put up to accommodate 100 horses.

Bronx, N. Y., Lodge Establishes Office to Recruit Blood Donors

Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, having established a recruiting office for blood

donors, has invited residents of the entire community to enlist in the army of donors for the American Red Cross Blood Bank. The recruiting office is open every day from 1:00 p.m. until midnight. Two members in two shifts act as recruiting officers. P.E.R. Jack N. Cooper is Chairman of the Blood Donors Committee.

The call sent out by the American Red Cross is for one million donors in the district by July 1. In this vital cause, the Bronx Lodge membership has responded wholeheartedly. The drive, in which the lodge is cooperating with the New York Chapter of the Red Cross, will be continued for the duration.

Elks Service Flags

Many lodges throughout the country are now installing service flags in their Lodge halls and club rooms, to honor the boys who have gone into the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Air Service.

Besides striking a patriotic note, these service flags show concretely the part which the members of the lodge are playing in the war effort, and are a constant reminder to members of the sacrifice which these service men are making for their country.

The officially-authorized service flag is red, with a white field, and a blue star for each person in service, including nurses. Gold stars are used to honor those who have died in Service.

The flags are used in various sizes, to suit the places where they are to be hung. The large flags for lodge halls are made to order, usually to fit a special spot on the wall chosen by the officers and members, while small individual flags for home use come in several standard sizes, according to a memorandum from the Regalia Manufacturing Company of Rock Island, Ill. They have been making the flags for a considerable number of our lodges throughout the country.

Most of the flags are designed so that stars can be added from time to time, as new men are called to the Service.

Glendale, Calif., Elks Promote Huge Sales on War Bond Day

Glendale, Calif., Lodge, No. 1289, participated actively in a gala program on "Glendale War Bond Day", set aside by the city recently for the sale of Bonds on a large scale. Members of the lodge, dressed as commandos with dungarees, helmets and guns, canvassed blocks on the main thoroughfares, calling on the people to visit the "Victory Bond House", erected in the center of the city, where Barbara Stanwyck, in company with other famous motion picture stars, was the stellar attraction.

E.R. W. W. Hunt and Est. Loyal Knight Phillip A. Sonntag, General Chairman of the local committee that put on the eight-hour program, figured prominently in the events of the day. A noon luncheon at the Masonic Temple, with all of the Hollywood stars present, was followed by a program staged at Victory House. At 8 p.m. the curtain rose at the Alexander Theatre for a show in which the stars appeared and a picture was featured. All who had purchased Bonds during the past week, and on the final day of the drive, were presented with free tickets. The Elks, with the special assistance of their "commando" group, aided tremendously in the spectacular sale which resulted in the purchase of \$139,000 worth of War Bonds.

F. T. O'Dell, Hannibal Elk, Aids Members in the Service

A gesture, exemplifying the spirit of true fraternalism, was made recently by an individual member of Hannibal, Mo., Lodge, No. 1198. At a semimonthly dinner at the lodge home, F. T. O'Dell, a local business man, paid over to Secretary A. B. Drescher, Jr., \$132, the amount covering six months' dues for the 22 members of No. 1198 serving in the U.S. Armed Forces. Paid-up membership cards for all of the servicemen were forwarded to them by the secretary's office.

D.D. Henry Walsh Addresses a Large Meeting at Holyoke Lodge

District Deputy Henry C. Walsh, of Worcester Lodge, accompanied by his official suite, attended a meeting of Holyoke, Mass., Lodge, No. 902, on October 19. More than 200 Massachusetts Elks were present, including visitors from Springfield, Greenfield, Fitchburg, Gardner and Worcester.

The initiation of a class of 22 candidates was conducted by E.R. George F. Murray, and the meeting was addressed by the District Deputy, Mr. Walsh and the members of his suite were entertained at dinner at the Hotel Essex before the lodge session.

Ellwood City Lodge Is Visited Officially by D.D. H. B. Brown

At a recent regular meeting of Ellwood City, Pa., Lodge, No. 1356, District Deputy Howard B. Brown, of Butler, made his official visit, accompanied by C. C. Allen, Coraopolis, State Vice-Pres. for the Northwest District, and P.D.D.'s Howard Ellis, Beaver Falls, and Clark H. Buell, New Castle.

In the initiation of a class of 12 candidates, the Ritual was exemplified by the Ellwood City Elks Degree Team which ranks second in the State for excellence in ritualistic work. A service was held in memory of the late Lee R. Kimes, Trustee of No. 1356, who during the years of his membership served his lodge faithfully and well.

The lodge made two donations that evening of \$100 each, one to the medical corps for the city's first aid station, and one to the two guardians of the Elks' orthopedic fund, Dr. H. E. Helling and George Hemmerly, Sr., for the purchase of a brace for an unfortunate victim of paralysis. The meeting was well attended by the Ellwood City members as well as by Elks from several of the district lodges. A buffet supper was served.

Minot, N. D., Lodge Sponsors Local Tests for Navy Enlistment

Forty-nine men passed in the preliminary tests for enlistment in the U. S. Navy recently in a local examination held in the home of Minot, N. D., Lodge, No. 1089, by a traveling examining board. A total of 91 applicants appeared during the day, including 39 for naval aviation and 48 for general service. The examinations were held as a part of Minot Lodge's participation in a campaign staged by the State Elks War Commission in cooperation with the Navy.

Of the 39 applicants for naval aviation, 13 passed and were sent later to Wold-Chamberlain field for final examination. Thirty-six of those seeking general service passed in the preliminary tests. The Navy Examining Board visited Minot Lodge as part of a tour through the State to the lodges of the Order participating in the program.

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CAMELS. It's fun to give Camels for Christmas because you know your gift will be so genuinely welcome—doubly welcome to those lads of yours in the service...over here—or over there. For cigarettes are their favorite gift—Camel, their favorite cigarette. Remember all your friends this Christmas with Camels.

PRINCE ALBERT. Give him Prince Albert if he smokes a pipe. Give him the big pound of P. A. that spells smoking joy far into the New Year. Whether he's at camp, at sea, or at home, he'll welcome the National Joy Smoke. For mild, cool, tasty smoking, there's no other tobacco quite like Prince Albert.